TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE HAND ON THE FLOOR.

A Pen Picture From Real Life.

A summer sky with its blue arch high,
O'er its clouds with their silver lining;
And neath it all, and the old trees, tall,
Is a cot where the sun is shining.

All through the day in a roundelay
The robin bird, wren and linnet
Each other greet in tones so sweet,
O! there's nothing but love—love in it.

In the cottage nest is a babe, so sweet,
Taught there of care or sorrow;
And in voice of glee, like the birdies free,
She tries their songs to borrow.

But a moment more and the spotless floor
Is soiled by the dimpled fingers,
And a wordless cry is the mute reply
To the sharp reproof that lingers.

Another week and the birdies seek
Their haunts in the shady bowers;
But the mother sits, where the shadow flits
Alone, through the weary hours.

And naught is left to her heart bereft
But a dimpled hand's impression,
And the memory sad of a day so glad
And the pearl, once her possession.

Yet the mystic hand from the shadow land,
To the clean, white floor keeps stealing;
And a wordless moan is the only tone
The mother's pain revealing.

If we but knew our own hearts true;
Oft would, in the to-morrow,
Deft of pain, sweet thoughts remain
To mitigate our sorrow.

For the Blade.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY J. EDGAR JONES.

A world-worn man, at fall of eve,
Said, "But a year and I shall rest.
A few more plans, a little gold,
Then on the mountain's captured crest
Content shall come, joy's flag shall wave."
The year's end found him in his grave.

"Ah!" lisped the maid, in fashion's whirl;
"A few short months of pleasures gay,
Of merry eves, of feasts enjoyed.
Of fashion's hurry, night and day,
Then shall my soul for rest find room."
Time passed, and found her in a tomb.

The statesman, filled with busy care,
Said, "I am weary of it all!
Some day I shall in sweetest rest
These restless cares in peace recall."
He, too, deferred until too late,
And, fiercely wrestling, met his fate.

Next month, next year, our souls we pledge
To nobler efforts, sweeter rest;
We hope to lay aside our cares,
With peaceful musings to be blest:
Our minds enlarge, our grace increase,
Our vain ambitions strivings cease.

But death stands waiting, and his hand
Falls on us even as we strive,
With selfish purpose in our hearts,
And selfish longings still alive
Go, let that peace for which we pray,
Each hour and moment leaves its way,
Seek thou its presence every day.

For the Blade.

DOWN WITH THE BOWL!

BY B. F. SLITER.

Our children ask care—down with the bowl!
It feeds on our wealth—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that starves the soul,
And never, no never, be it raised again!

Our wives should have love—down with the bowl!
The heart it corrupts—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that blights the soul,
And never, no, never, be it raised again!

It lessens our fame—down with the bowl!
It brings us disgrace—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that shrinks the soul,
And never, no, never, be it raised again!

Enfeebles our limbs—down with the bowl!
Our purpose makes weak—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that wounds the soul,
And never, no, never, be it raised again!

It steals away friends—Down with the bowl!
It leads us to strife—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that burns the soul,
And never, no, never, be it raised again!

It maddens the brain—down with the bowl!
And tempts us to crime—down with the bowl!
Down with the bowl that kills the soul,
And never, no, never, be it raised again.

Our Story Teller.

AT WHAT A COST!

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY, AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK," "DARK DAYS," ETC.

It was late at night. The fire had gradually settled down until it became a steady glowing mass of red, giving plenty of heat but little flame. The shaded lamp from the edge of the table threw a circle of light, widening until it reached the floor, where it lay, a luminous disc, and left all outside in sombre gloom. The room was evidently a library, as tall cases of books loomed from each wall, and the massive table in the center was strewn with pamphlets and writing materials. On a low chair, near the fire, partly in light and partly in darkness, sat a woman. She might be about 45 years of age, and was still beautiful. Her hands, with fingers interlaced, rested upon her lap, and her head leant wearily against the side of the mantelpiece. Her attitude, even without the traces of recent tears upon her face, betokened extreme grief.

Well indeed might she grieve, for in the room above her lay a dead man—her husband. She had bade her household leave her and retire to rest, and hour after hour sounded as she sat by the fire and mourned in solitude.

True, the man who had died that day had not been her first love—not the one she had once hoped was destined to link his lot with hers. She had married him for esteem, friendship, respect, and many other admirable reasons; but her heart was with one who had died many years ago. Yet they had been man and wife for twenty years, and his unwavering love, his kindness, the hom age he had ever paid her, had earned, as with a woman they ever must, their reward; and as with sorrowful eyes she gazed into the fire, and lived again those twenty placid years, she felt that Death had that day decreed a void in her life which would never again be filled.

And yet the dead man had not been the most cheerful companion to a woman in the prime of health and beauty. He was ever sad, at times gloomy; but no harsh words to her had ever crossed his lips even in his most dreary moods. He had lived a fair and noble life, doing, in a quiet, secret way, much good in the place his life was spent; good, the extent of which she, perhaps, only knew. And as she thought of these things, and of the poor white face upstairs, another flood of tears came to her relief. She would see it once more to night; and by the side of that motionless form kneel down and say, "If I have not loved you as your heart wished, I have done all that I could; all that I promised." With this intention she rose from her seat, and, rising, an object on the mantelpiece attracted her attention. It was a small key; and that morning, even as he died, her husband, with feeble fingers, had placed it in her hand, whispering, with a yearning look on his wan face, "Read and forgive."

In the agitation of that terrible hour, she had taken little notice of those mysterious words—the last, indeed, he spoke—but now she remembered them, and felt there was something he wished her to know.

The key, she was aware, gave access to a secretaire in which her husband kept his private papers. She raised the shade from the lamp, and its light, hitherto concentrated, spread over and illuminated the room, in one corner of which stood a black walnut bureau with antique brass handles. She opened it, and after a few moments' search found what she knew intuitively was the document designed for her perusal. It was a bulky packet, sealed and addressed—"For my wife. Private."

Wondering, even in her grief, what its contents could possibly be, and why the instructions to read it were coupled with that piteous appeal for forgiveness, she returned to her former seat, and after adjusting the light broke open the seals and commenced the perusal of the manuscript. Woman like, she turned over several pages rapidly as if to catch some idea of the general tenor of the revelation, and as on the cursory glance she took she saw one name, a well-known name, written frequently, a feeling of fear thrilled her, and with a low cry of pain and horror she set her lips firmly, and with eager eyes devoured the closely-written lines. The message from the man who lay dead ran thus:

"My Wife—When you read this I shall be dead, and you will, I have little doubt, be still in the prime of womanhood. Whether the love I have ever borne you; whether the remembrance of those years spent, at least happily, under this roof together, will enable you, after reading this to think of me without cursing my name, I know not. Yet, I dare not die and make no sign. I dare not let the grave cover the secret which is fretting my life out—which has twined for years around my heart like a snake, and which will at last stop its beating—a secret that even you in your wildest dreams never suspected.

"As you read these pages you will weep, but not for me. You will call for one who can never return, but the name you utter will not be mine. Widowed though you be, it is not your husband you will mourn. Yet when this is written my mind will be more at ease, although I know the confession, which may lighten my remorse a little, lays a heavy burden on you. At least, forgive me this.

"How shall I begin? As I sit here to-night, a prematurely aged man, I look back through the long years—so long, so weary to me—and see myself in the same room, a young man of 25, with all that could make life pleasant at my command. Riches and friends—youth and health—and, as I fondly hoped at that time, love that, sooner or later, would be mine. Here I sat, I remember, one winter's evening, with my favorite companions even then, my books. Was I reading, or was I dreaming of what might be? I know not.

"My servent entered and handed me a card—'Mr. Gerald Gordon.' I shall feel, even in my grave, your heart throb as you read that name. Gerald Gordon had been one of my earliest and dearest friends; and, if lost sight of for some years, never forgotten. I was delighted to find him under my roof, and hastened to greet him. He had prospered in the world, both having made and inherited money, and had recently returned to England after some years' profitable work abroad. Affairs had called him to my neighborhood, and upon his return journey he had come a little out of this way to pay me a visit for the sake of old times.

"We were unfeignedly glad to meet, and, as our hands clasped, many recollections of happy, boyish days rose between us, and the pressing invitation I gave him to stay some time with me was accepted as freely and heartily as it was given.

"For you, Gertrude, least of all, need I paint his portrait; but well I remember, as he sat with me that night, looking at his handsome face, with those straight, clear-cut features, bronzed by the southern sun; his crisp, brown hair and stalwart, manly frame, and thinking one of the greatest gifts, after all, was personal appearance.

"Our conversation after so long a separation naturally consisted of questions and answers of a personal nature, and I soon asked him:

"'Have you met your fate yet, Gerald?'

"'Been in love, I suppose you mean?' he replied, laughing. 'Well, you see, I have just come from parts where a fellow must make love, or pretend to, to get along at all; but I cannot plead guilty to any grand passion, as yet.'

"But how about you?" he continued. "Have any bright, rustic eyes come between you and your books?"

"Fool that I was not to open my heart to him then and there! Not to tell him I thought of one woman only! Yet I was shy and proud. I could not say that my love was viewed favorably. A withered flower, given half in jest—do you remember it? A little preference, it might be, over my rivals, and that bestowed for the sake of friendship, not love—this was all I had to show in return for the love I had given and which I knew must ever give through life. So I laughed as he questioned me and answered as in jest:

"'I am heartwhole as you, Gerald, and certainly invulnerable against the attacks of rustic maidens hereabouts.'

"'I hoped and expected to be introduced to your future wife, in the person of the only daughter of some neighboring squire, and would have done you a good turn by sounding your praises while I admired his fat oxen.'

"'Well, I will present you to all the eligible daughters hereabout, and you can praise their papas' oxen on your own account.'

"Thank you—although, seriously, I am tired of living alone, and want a wife and a home; so I am quite ready to mee my fate when and wherever she appears.'

"I do not hesitate, my wife, to record these trivial words, for I know they will seem to you as sweet echoes of a long-stilled voice.

"Gordon and I sat talking nearly all that night, and parted at last, happy to find the other's friendship the same as of old.

"The next day, with little regret, I tossed my books aside, and did all in my power to make my guest's visit a pleasant one to him. We shot, drove and rode together, and the short wintry days seemed even shorter with my light-hearted friend at my side. I took him to visit all my friends, save one; I need scarcely say the reason for that omission. Too well I knew that, had I been a girl, Gerald Gordon was the man who might have won my heart had he chosen. Too well I knew that, if the eyes of love enhanced, they did not imagine your charms, and that his interest at least, could scarcely fail to be roused. So I dreaded to bring about a meeting between him and you. It came at last. I would have shunned that gathering could I have found a decent pretext, but the whole countryside was bidden to the ball, and my absence from it would have been remarked. Besides, Gerald would have gone, anyway. He was very merry as we drove over, at the expense of the imaginaay persons we should meet; but I said nothing. The moment we entered the room I saw his eyes fall upon you. I saw his look of surprse, of admiration, as he comprehended your regal beauty at one glance, and before the evening was over I felt that what I dreaded was afoot, and that my friend would probably be my rival. If his attentions to you that evening were no more than man might properly pay to the most attractive woman in the assemblage, they were sufficient to make me fear the worst. Even as I write this I can see his tall figure bending over you, and hear him whispering words, which, spoken with the easy, self-confident manners of a man of the world, I knew, intuitively, must have been sweet to any young girl's ears.

"At last, that night, gay and enjoyable to all save me, ended. You had departed, and after that it needed little persuasion on my part to draw Gerald from the scene. We started on our drive home, with the stars shining pure and clear through the frosty skies. I was sullen and unhappy; my companion brimful of curiosity to learn all I could tell him concerning his late partner.

"'Is Miss Howard a friend of yours?' was his first question.

"'I have known her for some years. Do you admire her? Although I need scarcely ask,' I added, bitterly.

"'Admire her! I should think so. I have seen some of the most beautiful women in the world, but never one I admired more. She was not very well dressed, of course, but that is ouly a milliner's business.'

"So he talked on and on as we drove that six miles of road, and my heart sank within me, and I cursed the friendship which had led him to visit me and induced me to press him to prolong his stay. He spoke of nothing but you, ringing your praises in various keys, until I relapsed into a sort of moody silence, or only answered his eulogistic remarks by monosyllables. Probably he noticed my changed manner, as on reaching home he said:

"'You are awfully tired, I can see, Philip; so I will be merciful to-night and not keep you up for another cigar. Good night.'

"Whether he kept me up or not, it mattered nothing. Weary as I truly was, there was little sleep for me that night.

"When we met the next morning, it was the same again; your image was clearly before his eyes. Although he spoke jestingly of the havoc you had wrought, I knew that more than jest lay under that laughing exterior; that the impression you had made was no transient one. I tried to hide my feeling, and to answer his playful remarks in the like vein, but my efforts were of little use. I felt that his keen eye detected something amiss with me. He looked inquisitive, but said nothing for awhile. After breakfast, as we were discussing our plans for the day, he asked:

"'Would it not be politeness to ride over and inquire how Miss Howard is after last night's dissipation?'

"I started, and answered, 'If you wish it particularly we will do so,' and, as I forced the words, my voice sounded strange, and I felt that the color had left my cheek.

"The manner of my assent must, I suppose, have strengthened any suspicion he already felt as to the true state of the case with me, for he crossed the room, placed his hands on my shoulders, and, with his bright, searching eyes, looked into mine.

"'Tell me truly, Philip—truly, mind—is there anything like love between you two?'

"Even then I might have told him, but I was too prond to say I loved without love in return. Too proud to throw myself on his mercy, as it seemed to me such a confession must; so I met his eyes without quailing, and answered firmly:

"'There is no love between us.'

"'But you do love her?' persisted Gerald.

"'I admire her for her great beauty; that is all.'

"And even as I told the lie, I saw that he believed what he wished to believe, and I knew that my fate was sealed.

"'Then let us go,' he said, quietly, as he moved his hands from my shoulders.

"We rode over to your home; we saw you, and my jealous eyes detected a faint blush and look of pleasure on your face as you greeted us—a blush and a look such as my coming alone had never yet called forth.

"Gertrude, it is for you, not for me, to picture the events of the next few days. Sick at heart, I pleaded indisposition and returned to my books; sacrificing politeness, I left Gordon free to follow his own devices. Well did I know whither his steps turned every day, and clearly could I read in the brightened expression of his ever bright face how well the suit he was urging prospered. So much so, that it was with a feeling of dull despair, not surprise, I listened the night when he told me you had consented to be his wife. Lover-like he sat, hour after hour, dilating upon the perfections of the prize he had won, and revelling in his visions of future happiness. And I, who loved you as I believe no other man ever yet loved woman, suffered torture on the rack of his raptures. I had to listen to your praises from the lips of the one whom I had now almost brought myself to believe had robbed me of all I longed for in the world. And there was to be no delay—no respite for me. He was wealthy, so what was there to wait for? Within three months' time you were to be married.

"'How I bless the day I came to see you, old fellow!' he cried once, in the effusion of his joy. 'Now you shall complete your kindness by letting me stay with you until the happy time. Of course I must go away a bit to see about a house and that sort of thing, but I mean to be here as much as I can.'

"If I had followed true impulse as I spoke, I should have cursed him and bade him begone; but I was forced to restrain myself and tell him how welcome he was to make my house his home as long as it pleased him. Yet I felt I dare not stay myself to witness his happiness. That night, as I lay in bed, casting about for an excuse plausible enough to enable me to leave my guest alone for the next month or two, I knew that in the depth of my heart I hated Gerald Gordon—I hated him as the one who had stolen my life's hope from me—I hated him for his animal spirits, his good looks, his power of pleasing and winning the affection of man, woman or child, so different from me—I even hated him because I knew you would be happy with him, for he had all the qualities to make a home happy—I hated him as Cain hated Abel, and for the same reason: had not his offering been accepted and mine rejected? And several days passed by; each day the tortures I endured seemed greater; each day my hatred grew more intense. In a feverish sort of way I forced myself to laugh and jest, and Gordon, with a lover's selfishness, never noticed now how unnatural my manner was, or guessed how, by this time, I detested the sound of his voice, the clear ring of his laugh, or even his very presence.

"'One thing pleases me more than I can say,' he placidly remarked one evening. It is that what I once believed to be a fact was only a creation of my own brain. I was afraid I might be the rival of my old friend; but Gertrude herself assures me the only feeling that ever existed between you two was one of pure friendship. So I am happier, knowing you will dance at my wedding with a light heart.'

"Dance at his wedding! I would rather dance on my mother's grave!

* * * * *

"Gertrude, my wife, there is one day in every year which is solemn and sad to both of us. A day when the choicest flowers are laid on a tomb, now growing grey with time. A day, many hours of which you spend alone, holding a lock of hair, and gazing on a miniature. And yet, if the love you bore another man is strong in your heart, upon that day you have ever seemed to draw closer to me than at other times. As your eyes, sad with unforgotten sorrow, meet mine, you think, 'Our grief is from the same source—mine for love and his for friendship.' And with one memory between us, I know for the moment your heart grows nearer to mine, and I realize what life might have been could your love have crowned it. Read now the truth and hate me.

"That day was the first for a long time I had spent alone with Gerald Gordon. You were away on a visit to some friends at a distance. The weather was fine, though wintry, and as I felt I could not endure the long hours indoors in the society of the man I hated, I suggested taking our guns and walking down to the coast in the hope of shooting some ducks. Gordon leapt at the idea. 'I shall be glad to do a bit of hard walking,' he said, 'for three weeks I have only been love making, and that isn't much exercise. I fancy my muscles must be growing soft from want of using.'

As he spoke he held out an arm like an iron bar for me to feel.

"An hour's walk brought us to the coast; you know it well. For the distance of, perhaps, two miles runs a turf-covered, almost perpendicular cliff; then it shelves away gradually, and one can easily get down to the water's edge. Here was our destination. We intended to walk along the edge of the sea, shooting anything worth powder and shot.

"The tide, when high, lashes the foot of the coast cliff; when low, it leaves a strip of sand uncovered. The rock of which the cliff is composed is of crumbling, unstable chalk, and has the habit of getting hollowed out under the surface, leaving green cushions, firm enough in appearance, but apt to break away as the unwary foot presses them. A dangerous cliff it is, from the edge of which one shrinks instinctively.

"We walked briskly along the green sward; I was some paces in front of Gordon, not being much in the humor to listen to his inevitable rhapsodies on the one theme. As he followed, I could hear him singing a love song. It was Mexican, I believe, and picked up somewhere on his travels. Though the language was strange to me, the words sounded soft and musical, and the repetition of the passionate refrain almost maddened me, so well do I know to whom it was directed. Suddenly the melody of the song changed to a sharp cry of despair—a cry that went through me like a knife—and I turned hastily round, the rent at the edge of the treacherous green sward told the tale, even before I heard the horrible, hopeless, dull thud on the sand below.

"Believe me, when I say, at that moment all thought of hate and envy left me. Horror stricken, I threw myself at full length on the grass and crept to the edge of the cliff. The cliff at this point overhung even more than usual, and it was with a feeling of hope I saw that Gordon had fallen clear of the rock and lay upon the sand. He was lying almost in a heap, and must have sustained fearful injuries; but dead he was not, for I saw him, after making a few piteous struggles, succeeded in turning his face toward me.

"'Gerald,' I cried, 'are you much hurt? For God's sake try and answer me.'

"A faint voice—the ghost of his usual voice—replied: 'I have broken one arm, and, I think, my thigh. Can you come down to me?'

"I cannot,' I said, without going along the coast for a mile or more. I am going now to get ropes and help. Try and bear up till I return.'

"And then, leaving my gun to mark the spot where he fell, I turned and, swiftly as I could, commenced running across country. I knew the part well. The nearest house was at least two miles away, so the poor fellow must lie in agony for some time before I could bring him the indispensable aid. With the remembrance of that helpless form lying on the sand before me, my thoughts were only how to rescue him with as little loss of time as possible, and for the first five minutes I ran at the top of my speed. Sheer exhaustion then compelled me to pause and draw breath, and as I moderated my pace the awful thought for the first time came to me. The tide! the tide! I remembered it was rising—that it was about three-quarters flood—that Gordon was lying very near to the edge of the water, and I knew if I could not bear him aid before the sea covered that narrow strip of sand he was a dead man. And then the temptation began. Let no man say there is no devil, for I tell you in that moment the devil was with me. He brought your form with all its beauty before me; yes, and with love for me shining in your eyes. He shaped the thought in my mind, 'It is for her, who might love you, you are saving him. Is she not worth the sin?' And as the tempter prompted me I said to myself, 'One half-hour's delay; a rest by the way; a fancied inability to proceed further; a mistake—so easy to make—in the road, and you were free once more and might yet be mine. The price was crime—loss of honor, of self-respect, and all peace of mind; but you might be mine, and what price was too heavy to pay for that?' And as thought after thought, each like a devil from hell, came to me I leant against a gate, knowing as I did so that every moment I lingered risked a man's life. The sudden temptation, the commencement of the crime, the consequences to follow, the shame I felt, even then, bewildered me, and for a time I was beside myself. I seemed in a dream; all around me was unreal; the air seemed full of horrible forms and sounds. How long I waited motionless I cannot tell—would that I knew!—it might have been moments, minutes or hours. At last it seemed as though I woke, and as I turned and ran like one pursued by wolves, I fancied I heard the words, 'Too late! too late!' shrieked after me in fiendish glee. As I ran I believe I even ceased to think, and fell utterly exhausted at the door of the farm house to which I mechanically directed my steps. In broken sentences I told my tale—I begged the men to hurry down with the ropes—I offered large rewards should they reach the coast in time to avert what I now shuddered to think might happen. They started with all possible dispatch, and as soon as my strength returned to me I followed. Gertrude, how can I pen the rest? I reached the fatal spot just as the men from the farm lowered one of their party over the edge of the cliff, and, as sick and dizzy I leant over, I saw beneath me the cruel waves dashing a dark form against the crueller rocks, and as one of the men turned to me and said, 'Poor chap! If we had been a quarter of an hour before, we might have saved him.' I knew that in the eye of God I was as much a murderer as the ruffian who drives his knife through the heart of his victim. Little wonder was it, as they bore his nerveless form to the top of the cliff; as I saw that pale face stained here and there with blood the blue eyes yet open, and, as I almost fancied, seeking my own, that I fell as one dead upon the grass, and was borne away unconscious as the man I had foully slain.

"What more remains to be said? You know the rest—how the illness that followed was attributed to the shock I had undergone and the exertions I had used to save my friend. How people praised my presence of mind in at once starting for assistance. How you—even you—wrote kind words to me—words that cut my heart like knives. Yet no one knew that with me that night and day was the face of the dead, as I saw it ere I fell senseless on the cliff; that ever in my dreams I was running, it seemed to be, from an image of you, and that fearful things were striving to stop me. No one knew how often I went to the spot where Gordon fell, and timed, as nearly as I could, the rising waters, to ascertain if it were possible for a man to have compassed the distance and brought aid in time to save him. Alas, I only learnt I was a murderer in act as well as thought! I gained the prize that tempted me—but *at what a cost!* When, after some years, you gave me your hand, I knew your heart could never be mine, but lay in Gerald's grave; I knew that the thing which at last induced you to accede to my repeated request was more the love you fancied I bore him than the love you felt for me. And so, as the price of a life's remorse, I won a woman whose love, in life, could never be mine, and who, after death, must hate my memory.

"Ah, Gerald Gordon, slain by the waves at the bidding of your friend, just as the supreme joy of life was yours; your lot, after all, was happier than mine!"

As she read the last words, Gertrude Blake dropped the manuscript, and, burying her face in her hands, cried, "O, why did he tell me? why did he tell me? This is the worst of all to bear. Thank God, I have no children in whose faces I may see murderer written." Then with bitter grief and hatred in her heart, she sat on and on through the weary night. And ever before her was the image of Gerald Gordon, with the hungry waters creeping round him, his poor maimed limbs battling in vain struggles to keep his life until the delayed help arrived. And her face was stern and cold as she pitured it. If her husband's hopes of heaven rested on her forgiveness, she felt she could not bring her lips to frame the words.

She could scarcely credit the tale she had read; at times she func I that it must have been in a great part imagination. But his face, ever sad, even when others were gayest, came again and again to her mind, and she felt that a strange sadness stamped the confession with truth. Yet in all else he had been so noble, both in thought and in deed. He had loved her so; and now, with his dreary secret bared before her, even through the bitterness of her mind passed the knowledge that he had been leading not only a life of remorse, but also of atonement; and as she grew more calm, she fell at last into a troubled sleep, with wet tears upon her lashes,

And as she slept she dreamed. They stood before her she thought—her first and only love, Gerald, and her husband. The latter, not the careworn, prematurely old man of the past years, but young, gay, and handsome, as when he rode with Gerald to see her that morning in the winter. There was no sadness in his eyes now, and Gerald's arm was round his neck. "Sweet love," she heard him whisper, "see, I have forgiven—cannot you likewise?" And then, striving to speak, she awoke.

With the dream yet lingering in her memory, she rose, and tearing the manuscript to shreds, threw it upon the smouldering fire. When every vestige of paper was consumed, she sought her room, but as she passed the chamber of death, entered, and bending over the pale, cold, placid face kissed it, whispering: "I forgive, as I hope to be forgiven."

RICHMOND BESIEGED.

Plenty of Food for Money During the War—The Conscription of Negroes.

Washington Republican.

Contrary to the common belief, there was no lack of provisions or delicacies in Richmond at any time during the war, but the prices measured by alleged dollars were simply stupendous. I do not remember that there was any actual suffering among the people, although food and drink were, of course, economically dealt with. I recollect also that there was a bread riot of so large proportion as to call for the intervention of the military, but the women, black and white, who were the chief participants, were of the lowest class, and were instigated, not by want so much as pure devilry. It is a curious fact that what are called the lower classes fared better, as far as provisions were concerned, than the office-holders, or wealthier citizens. The salaries of the office holders, both Confederate and state, were grossly inadequate to provide for their families, and the wealthier citizens at the outset of the war had invested, almost without exception, all their available means in the 8 per cent. bonds of the Confederate government. Those who owned slaves, by hiring them out, obtained large returns, for labor was in great demand; but the trouble was that the Confederate authorities conscripted all able-bodied negroes as drivers of mule teams, laborers on the fortifications, etc., just as they conscripted able-bodied whites for service in the field, and the hire given to the masters was but a tithe of what could have been procured in open market.

Talk about Washington being a city of boarding houses and restaurants, why it was not a circumstance to the Confederate capital. Nearly every house, and especially of people of limited means, was filled with lodgers, and nearly every other house was an eating house. The poorer whites and blacks made money hand over fist by cooking provisions and selling them from stands on the streets and at the depots to the huge swarms of hungry people who were constantly coming and going. The population proper of Richmond was not a fourth of the vast crowd that daily congregated within its corporate limits. It was the Mecca of the Confederacy, and the pilgrimages made thereto were constant in their coming. Officers and soldiers, Jewish merchants, "exempts," blockade runners, refugees from Maryland and West Virginia and from counties of the state held by the Federals poured in a steady stream into the city, and the people of the city made their living, and, indeed, it may be said in many instances waxed fat, in feeding and lodging the hungry horde. The home guards, organized to defend the capital, comprized all the officials in the Confederate and State departments, and no man was exempt who was able to fire a rifle from behind a breastwork. These held no drills, but marched in a body, without regular order, to the breastworks when the alarm bell in the capitol square rang forth the warning peal of the approach of the enemy.

Pooling Her Folks, Who Went on Style.

A very good story was told the other day of a young man painfully conscious of an exterior scarcely worthy of his character. Accompanied by the young woman he had married, he stepped into a photographer's and drew the artist aside. He wanted their "pictur's" taken, but had a special favor to ask. "Her folks," he exclaimed, "go a good deal on style. They never saw me, and if I send them my face they'll be dead agin me. I'm a sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a brick. Now, then what do you say? Will you stand in? She's willing. Those big whiskers of yours'll take them at once and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they take me for a petit larceny thief." Of course the photographer could not refuse a favor so flatteringly proposed, and the distant relatives, no doubt, in due time were gratified with the portrait side by side with that of the young lady.—*Eastern Paper.*

Sam Jones's Eloquence.

We venture to offer a few gems from the coruscating eloquence of the Rev. Sam Jones:

Show me a man who was a soldier in the late war who says he didn't steal and I will show you a liar.

I have contempt for the man who has the time to play cards.

I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him.

There's a merchant in this town who tells the truth, but he's mighty lonesome.

A horse-trader lies by keeping his mouth shut.

Humor.

SALLY ANN JONES PAPERS.

No. 4—Reminiscences of Farm Life—Jeremiah's Jug of Whisky and the Great Log-Rolling—His Last Investment in Intoxicating Beverages.

Jeremiah is a strong temperance man, and that is one trait in his character that I am proud of. He naturally dislikes the taste of whisky, and for that reason he never drinks it. Once in his life he bought a two-gallon jug full, but he fell into so much trouble on account of that purchase that he will have nothing to do with the stuff since.

At the time we moved into this neighborhood, if a man had a building to raise or logs to roll, or any kind of work to do that required the help of his neighbors, he had to furnish whisky to treat them with, because if he didn't he was regarded as a kind of heathen man and publican, and his neighbors all made fun of him.

Well, the first winter that we lived on this farm where we live now, Jeremiah had a piece of ground cleared, so, of course, in the spring, the logs had to be rolled up into piles to be burned. Jeremiah couldn't do the work by himself, so he had to call on his neighbors for help.

A day or two before the log rolling, Jeremiah came into the kitchen where I was cooking dinner, and says he, "Well, Sally Ann, I guess I'll have to do something I never have done yet, and something I don't much like to do."

"What is that," says I.

"I'll have to buy a jug of whisky for the log rollers," says he.

"I wouldn't do it, Jeremiah," says I. "I'll make plenty of strong coffee for them, and they'll get along a great deal better without the whisky than with it," says I.

"They wouldn't think so," says he, "and when you are in Rome you have to do as Rome does."

Jeremiah bought the whisky, and came very near having the barn burnt by a drunk fellow crawling into the hay for a sleep, with a pipe in his mouth. Fortunately, however just as the hay caught fire, some of the men saw it and put it out.

There were two or three fights, and so much swearing when they came in for dinner, that I left the room, and Jeremiah had to wait on the table himself. At last the day came to a close, supper was over, the last man had started homeward, and peace seemed to have settled once more over the home of the Jones. But, alas!

"We know not what's before us,
What trials are to come,
But each day passing o'er us
Is sure to bring us some."

Just as I was turning down the bed covers, rejoicing that the troubles of the day were over, a husky voice called out, "Open the door, Jones, I want to see you a minute."

Jeremiah opened the door, and there stood Joe Burton, so drunk that he could hardly walk.

"I 'lowed you'd be lonesome after having so much company to-day," says he, so I thought I'd come back and talk to you awhile."

He did talk awhile. He talked and talked, and Jeremiah couldn't get him to start home, to save his life.

"Jones," says he, "I wish you'd look into my throat, and see if you can find out what's the matter with it."

Jeremiah looked, but said that he could see nothing wrong with his throat. "Nothing wrong?" says he, "why, Jones," says he, "it's strange that you can't see anything wrong. I tell you, you ought to see something wrong, for two mighty good farms have gone down my throat. My father gave me one of them, and Betsey's father gave her the other, and now they're gone, and Bets and the children will soon be beggars. There is nothing left now but forty acres in the frog pond."

Joe stopped talking and cried awhile; then suddenly he brightened up, and says he, "But, after all, Jones, I do believe that Bets has more real enjoyment in that frog pond than she would have anywhere else in the world. You see, Jones, it's this way, Bets is a mighty religious woman; and when she hears the frogs singing all around her, she imagines that she is at a camp-meeting, and that is a great comfort to her. Bets wants me to be religious too, and the other day she got uncle Perry to talk me, and O, how he did talk. You ought to have heard him. He wants me to let whisky alone. "Why," says I "uncle Jerry, I can't do it. Whenever I smell the cursed stuff, I've got to have it. I know that it's ruining me, soul and body, but I can't let it alone." 'O,' says he, 'you could let it alone if you'd follow your Bible.' Have you got a Bible in the house, Jones, if you have fetch it out, and let's see about it. I've been thinking about that plan ever since he mentioned it." "You had better go home and go to sleep," says Jeremiah, "you don't want a Bible to-night."

"I tell you," says he, "if following the Bible can do me any good, I want to try it, for I want to quit drink, so bring on your Bible."

Jeremiah thought he had better humor him, so he brought out the Bible. Joe opened the door, and says he, "Now, Jones, you take the Bible and start on ahead, and I'll follow. I can't say that I have much faith in the experiment, but there's no harm in trying it, anyway."

Jeremiah went marching around the yard, and Joe staggered after him. Some folks might have laughed but I didn't. I never yet have felt like laughing at a drunk man. I think there would be more propriety in laughing at something ridiculous in a dead man's appearance that had died a respectable death.

After the two had marched around the yard several times, Joe stumbled over something and fell. "There, Jones," says he, "you can stop, I can't follow any longer, and it's no use, any way, I want a dram now just as bad as I did before I started. Let's go into the house and take a horn."

Jeremiah tried again to get him to start home, and finally, at last, he agreed to start if Jeremiah would give him one more drink of whisky. Jeremiah gave him the drink, helped him to get on to his horse, and started him toward home, then he poured all the whisky out of the jug into the swill barrel, for fear Joe would come back and want more.

We went to bed at last, and Jeremiah was soon fast asleep, but I had been so worried that it was a long time before I felt at all sleepy, and just as I was dropping off into a doze, I was roused up by hearing Joe call out, "O Bet!" I called to Jeremiah to wake up quick.

"What in the name of sense is the matter now," says he, as he sat up in the bed and commenced to rub his eyes and scratch his head. "Says I, there is something the matter with Joe; listen."

"O Bet," was again wafted to our bedroom on the cool, refreshing midnight breezes.

Says I, "Get up, Jeremiah, and go and see what's the matter with Joe."

"O confound him," says he, "let him get home the best way he can, as he always does when he's drunk. I've had trouble enough with him for one day."

"Well," says I, "I don't want to hear any more such expressions from you, for I've heard swearing enough for one day, and you ought to remember that you are responsible for him this time, for you bought the whisky to make him drunk, and how would you account to his wife and children if he should be found dead in the morning?"

"Well," says he, "I'd keep jawing about it all night, if I were you!" But he commenced putting on his clothes, and by the time he was dressed I was dressed, too, and we went out together.

We soon found Joe, for he still kept calling for Bet. He had tumbled off his horse into a hog wallow, and such another sight I never saw. That last drink had made him too drunk to keep in his saddle.

"I told Bet not to throw dishwater in the path to the stable, but she would keep doing it, and now my clothes are in a pretty fix."

Jeremiah wanted to take him back with us and keep him till morning, but I objected to having so much mud carried into the house. "Besides," said I, "his horse has gone home and his wife will be scared to death, so you can just hitch the horses to the wagon and take him home. Remember," says I, "that you bought the whisky that made him drunk, and its your duty to see that he gets home safely."

"Well, you've told that about often enough," says Jeremiah, "I guess I know that I bought the whisky without you having to din it into my ears through all eternity."

"You needn't be afraid of me driving it into your ears through all eternity," says I, "for I don't intend to spend eternity where they talk about such things. But you ought to be thankful that the poor wretch didn't get killed, for if he had, it's likely that his ghost and old Satan would have dinned it into your ears through all eternity, and then perhaps you'd have learned when it was too late that it wasn't always best to do like the Romans, even if you did happen to be in Rome."

I didn't say any more, for I don't believe in a wife nagging away at her husband forever about anything, even if he is in the wrong. I think when she has said enough, she ought to stop for her talk to take effect. Besides, Jeremiah had started for the horses and was already out of hearing, and in a few moments more our wagon and horses were conveying the drunk man homeward, and Jeremiah was the driver. In the meantime I had returned to my downy couch to rest my aching head and weary limbs. But I am happy that I can truthfully say the two-gallon jugful of whisky that caused us so much trouble was Jeremiah's last investment in any intoxicating beverage.

HE FELT DISCOURAGED.

The Sad Ending of a Cleveland Courtship—Why an Engagement Was Declared Off.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He had a wearied, sad-eyed expression, as if booked for a funeral, and was awaiting the hearse and mourners. A sympathetic friend sought to sound the secret of his woe. The wearied man responded:

"I feel discouraged."

"Tut! You musn't give way to grief in that despairing way. You know what the poet sang: 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'"

"Ah, yes! But it ain't for me. When a man's seen seen what I've seen hope ain't for him."

"Bless my soul, what can have happened?"

"I'll tell you. Mayhap it will give relief. You know how steady I've been sitting up to Miss Hopsnood?"

"Everybody knows you sat up to her like a sick kitten to a warm stove."

"She encouraged me, and I felt I was solid till first one and then another got to whispering that she was sitting Gus Tombell out in out. I wouldn't believe a word of it. Didn't she go with me to ice cream parlors two or three times a week and picnics, and didn't that show I was solid? So I believed she was all right and wouldn't hear to a word contrary."

"That's right. Don't never listen to busy talk."

"That's what I was determined till today. A person told me a little while ago that he saw Tom Mill escorting Kate home from the matinee. That didn't worry me. I knew he was all right and thought everything of me. So I started up to call on her. It wasn't my night to pay my regular visits, but I wanted to go, just to show them I knew it was all right. I met her ma at the gate. She said I'd better not go in. That sounded queer, but I did not let it bother me at all. Then the old man—he was smoking his pipe under a tree—he chipped in; said he guessed Kate wasn't expecting me to-night. That was queer, too. Still, I wouldn't allow myself to be discouraged. I was sure Kate could explain everything, no matter how it looked. On the stoop I met Kate's little sister. She kind of snickered, and had a curious, cute look in her eyes as she said: 'Kate won't best like to see you to-night.' This was the queerest of all. But still I wouldn't give way. Something told me to keep a stiff upper lip and not be discouraged. And I determined I wouldn't. So I walked right into the parlor, and then—"

"What?"

"I saw Kate sitting on the lounge with that Tom M

Recent Literature.

POEMS, together with Brother Jacob and The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The great interest of these poems lies in their authorship. That George Eliot's poetry can approach her prose in power cannot be admitted in any sense. There are grand thoughts, but they have little poetic inspiration in their expression. And yet this volume must be valued as one of the works of a woman whose genius a world acknowledges. The "Lifted Veil" is a wild, weird story which thrills with its ghostly imaginings and yet has a fascination that holds to the end.

M. TULLII CICERONIS, De OFFICIIS AD MARCUM FILIUM. With an Introductory Essay and Commentary. By Austin Stickney, A.M. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This volume is one of Harper's New Classical Series. It belongs to the works of Cicero in which he attempted to treat nearly all the questions which, in his time were comprehended in a system of philosophy. It is given with notes and will be found a valuable work to the Latin scholar.

CITY BALLADS. By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," etc. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The name of Will Carleton has become a household word, as stated as it is with the poems of every day life, those that thrill the heart of the great masses of the people. The present volume is in a little different vein from those which have preceded it, and though there is some very pathetic writing, and many truths told in verse, it is not quite as pleasant reading. Yet it will no doubt be popular. The book is prettily gotten up.

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT. By A. E. P. Searing. G. P. Putnam's sons, New York.

This is the story of a few years of a young girl's life, one who was taken from posh surroundings and placed where all that wealth could procure was to be enjoyed, through the whim of a fashionable woman, who had taken a fancy to try the experiment and see what came of it. The development is well made and interesting.

THE WILL. A Novel, by Ernst Eckstein, author of "Qui tus Claudius," etc. From the German, by Cora Bell. In two volumes. William S. Gottsberger, New York. Price, 50 cents per volume.

A novel which has all of the peculiarities of the German style of romance, but which is full of excitement that increases as the plot develops. It is good summer reading and the tragedy carried to a happy ending will cause it to challenge the sufffrages of a reading public for a longer period. The translation is well made.

INEBRIISM. A Pathological and Psychological study. By T. L. Wright, M. D., member of American Association for the Care of Inebriates. Press of the author. Address Dr. T. L. Wright, Bellefontaine, O. Price, $1.25. Send draft, express order, postal order or postal note and receive book by mail free.

The author of this little work has undertaken to show the effect of alcohol upon the intellect and sensibilities of mankind, the demands it makes upon the individual when once it has gained irresistable. He shows how the whole body is changed under its influence, and through that the mental powers. The book should do a great deal of good.

LECTURES ON TEACHING. Delivered in the University of Cambridge, England, during the Lent Term, 1880. By J. G. Fitch, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. Adapted to American Normal Teacher. New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co. Cloth, 400 pp. $1.

In England these lectures of Mr. Fitch have for several years been highly prized, as combining in an admirable manner, both the theoretical and practical sides of education. All of its discussions are based upon sound psychological principles, and give admirable advice on everything connected with the science and art of teaching, from the furnishing of the school room, the studies for a teacher to understand, to the questions proper to ask on an examination. It is safe to say, no teacher can lay claim to being well informed who has not read this admirable work. Its adaptation is shown by its adoption by several State Teachers' Reading Circles, as a work to be thoroughly read by its members.

MENTAL GYMNASTICS, OR LESSONS ON MEMORY. By Adam Miller, M. D., autnor of "Life in Other Worlds," etc. Published by the author, 45 Elizabeth street, Chicago, Ill. Price $1.

There is no doubt but that the memory may be cultivated to a considerable extent, preventing in many cases that loss of this faculty produced by the lapse of time or by sickness. The author of this little book gives directions for a systematic effort in this direction, which is, at least, worth considering.

THE BAR SINISTER. A SOCIAL STUDY. Cassell & Company. New York. Price, $1.25.

This work is aimed at the fostering sore of Mormanism in the very heart of our land. It is a story of its influences upon an earnest young girl who was carried away from her home by an evil emissary under the idea that she was entering upon a missionary work. The style is good, the narrative well told and thrilling, and it is the more effective from the conviction which it carries that it represents real happenings.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing the Old and New Testamenis. Translated out of the Original Tongues. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is the revision of the authorized version of the Bible undertaken in consequence of a resolution passed by both houses of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, that of the New Testament having appeared in May, 1881. The revision before us is published in good, clear type, with foot notes that show the difference between the American and English revisers. There are plentiful side notes, and the edition is well gotten up.

"The Modification of Plants by Climate" by A. A. Crozier, is a pamphlet published by the author, Ann Arbor, Mich., who has had unusual opportunities to study the subject. It will be found of great interest to practical farmers. Price, 25 cents.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, comes the following pieces of new music:

"Challenging for Thy Footsteps," 35 cts., song by Rosa Schofield; "Home Dreams," 35 cts., song by A. H. Behrend; "O Fly, Little Song," 35 cts., caprice song by L. Denza; "Time That Is Past," 25 cts., song by L. Gordigiani; "Happy Moments," galop, 50 cts., by J. F. Zimmermann; "Hide and Seek Polka," 35 cts., by W. F. Sudds; "Thou and I," 50 cts., waltz song by F. D. Bates.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The September number opens with a timely paper on the history of Gen. Grant's resting place, written by Mrs. Lamb, who combines with the historian's insight and discrimination an exceedingly easy and charming narrative style. The war papers are of surpassing interest. Maj.-Gen. Robinson, U. S. A., writes of Baltimore in 1861. He was in command of Fort McHenry in those troubled days. Gen. Meredith Read continues his account of military affairs in New York in 1861. Gen. Jordan, U. S. A., continues also his account of the beginnings of the war. There are various other readable articles in the magazine. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $5 a year.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The September number contains the happy conclusion of "A Family Affair" by Hugh Conway; "China Making at Stoke-on-Trent," by Bernard H. Becker; also the conclusion of "Beneath the Dark Shadow," by Andrew Hope; "The Great Fen," by Samuel E. Muller; the conclusion of "The Sirens Three," by Walter Crane, several poems and the usual amount of editorial matter. It is an excellent number. McMillan & Co., New York. Annual subscription, $1.75.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW.

Among the articles in the September number are "The Religious Problem of the Country Towns"; "A Roman Martyr"; "Private Aid to Public Charities"; "James Madison," with the usual full Editorial Notices, Book Reviews, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $3 a year.

WIDE AWAKE.

The number opens with a frontispiece drawing of a morning scene on Nantucket Beach, by Hassam. This is followed by "The Little Blackamoor and the Gold Princess," from the German of Richard Leander, with a charming illustration by Lungren. The Hawaiian story, "How the Boojums went down the Crater," is concluded. Lieut. Schwatka contributes "Little Ahmow's Fight with the Wolves." Mary E. Wilkins gives "Deacon Thomas Wales's Will," Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney concludes "How the Middles set up Shop," Mrs. Champney's wonder-story, "The Child's Paradise," is interesting, and the heroines of Margaret Sidney's serial, "A New Departure," begin mounting a carpet artistically in a Back Bay mansion. Among the notable poems is "The Children's Saint," by Kate Putnam Osgood, illustrated by Barnes. The new series of Chautauqua Readings begin in the October number. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, $3 a year.

THE CATHERER.

The September number contains many excellent things for housekeeping. The opening article is about "Oysters." There is the usual instalment of "Seated Around the Mahogany Tree," and another chapter of "Aunt Sally and Her Ways," which are very good ways, indeed. "Pie, Pie-makers and Pie-eaters" will prove interesting. There are several pages of recipes which will be welcome to the cook. E. C. Whitton, Philadelphia, Pa. $2 a year.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

This is another one of those publications which have sprung up within the last few years, for the benefit of the homes of the land. The September number is a most excellent one. One article, emnodying a good many sensible ideas, is "The Science of Chairs." It is aimed against the fixity of these articles in rooms where the family and friends gather. It would be impossible to mention all of the excellent things to be found in these pages, but it is a magazine that should be found in every household. Clark W. Bryan & Co., New York. $2.50 a year.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

The September number contains some very excellent articles. One that is especially useful is that about "Sunshine," and its absolute necessity for health. It tells truths in regard to its influence upon the body that everyone should learn. There are a number of other articles of interest and instruction and the usual editorial departments. Fowler & Wells, New York, $2 a year.

VICK'S MONTHLY.

This magazine is always full of interest to all lovers of flowers. The September number is good as usual. A beautiful colored plate forms the frontispiece. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The September issue contains the usual number of fine engravings, and the reading matter is varied and interesting for the little folks as usual. The Russell Publishing Co., Boston, $1.50 a year.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.

The current number opens with a poem upon "Niagara." A very readable and interesting article is concerning "The Public Schools of Brooklyn." Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "Home Interests." There are two or three readable stories, and a very enjoyable paper upon "Travels in Foreign Climes." The regular departments are good as usual. Brooklyn, N. Y., $1 a year.

THE INTERIOR.

The frontis piece of the September number is "The Robbers of the Vineyard," Some of the articles are "Christianity vs. Mohammedanism;" "The Princess Doubt;" "The Poetry of Old Ruins;" "International Copyright;" "The Reveries of a Quiet Man;" "The Heredity of Longevity;" "A Song of Summer," "The Dreamer of Bedford Jail;" "General Ulysses S. Grant;" and several others. Reformed Publishing Co., Dayton, O. $2 a year.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The leading article for September is by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, late of California, upon "The Sacramento Squatter Riot of 1850." Flora Haines Appouyi furnishes a personal sketch of the late Helen Hunt Jackson, and Ina D. Coolbrith contributes a poem. These, with editorial comments upon Mrs. Jackson's literary work, will give this number great value as a memorial of the author of "Ramona." There is an article from Hon. S. S. Cox, minister to Turkey, on "The Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses." Capt. Wright, of the Confederate army, and late lecturer of the California State grange, describes "How the Blockade was Run." The most important stories are "A Plea Before Judge Lynch," written by a well-known pioneer, and "The Doctor of Leidsiorff Street," a brilliant and exciting story of San Francisco. The Overland Monthly, 120 Sutter, street, S. F.

MR. PENUCKLE'S RUSE.

A Little Story That Superstitious People Will Not Relish.

"I didn't always harrow the earth for a living," said Farmer Penuckle, of Orange county, N. Y. "I was once a wine merchant's clerk in Brooklyn. I married young, and my wife, who is sitting there now, with the reputation of being as good farmer's wife as there is in the country, made just as good a mate for a hard-up clerk then. Like many young couples, we had bought furniture on installments, and we were not able to pay all the sums as they fell due. Everything seemed to be going against us, and our little girl was sick, when I came home early one Saturday afternoon and found crape hanging on my door belt. My heart was in my mouth, and my tears choked me as I met my wife.

"'So dear little Minnie is gone!' I said.

"'Minnie gone?' said my wife. "Oh, no. But the sheriff's man will be round in a minute to seize the furniture, and I thought the crape might check him."

"It checked him. He halted his wagon a dozen yards away, walked on tiptoe to the door, examined the crape, and went softly away, afraid apparently that some one might hear him. Minnie recovered, and a few days afterward I scraped together enough money to pay the bill, but I haven't bought on instalments since."

Temptations of Women on the Stage.

At a meeting in London of that eccentric and aggressive society, the "Church and Stage Guild," Miss Dietz, a well-known actress, lectured. During her remarks, Miss Dietz spoke feelingly of the temptations of the women of the stage. "It has been said against us that we have women in our profession leading immoral lives. I admit it, and, moreover, admit that the more honorable women tolerate their presence and meet them on friendly terms. * * * Think of the very few ways in which women can earn an honest living—think of the hundreds of young women in London who say every day: 'I must sin or starve!' Life is dear to the young, even mere physical life; animal wants are strong, the body must be fed and clothed. They pay the price for a more miserable years, till when death comes at last, life seems no more a friend, and they are glad to go. And does a Christian clergyman ask us to be more hard on these women whose life is already so hard to bear? Is there not something very wrong in a state of society which almost forces girls into sin, at all events which gives a large number of women no choice but sin or death? Is not the guilt of this more equally distributed than we suppose? For my part, I never meet such a woman in the street without feeling that her shame is my shame, and that in her fall my whole sex, yes, and the whole world, is dishonored."

A Thinking Machine.

A cultivated gentleman of French descent residing in Gallipolis, O., who who has been an invalid for several years, has just received a patent for an invention of more than ordinary merit and of a peculiar character. It excites the wonder and admiration of all who behold it. Many declare it the equal, in general utility, of the sewing machine or telephone. It is perfectly wonderful in its operation, and yet so simple in its action that a child can learn to use it in a few minutes. It consists of a pair of scales which announce with unerring accuracy the value of any number of tons, pounds or ounces at any price. For instance, a ham is placed on the scales. Its weight is twelve and three-quarter pounds, and the price is 12½ cents per pound. A sliding weight is moved along the scale beam until the ham is balanced. In the notch where this weight stops will be found the worth of the meat in dollars and cents to a fraction. Again, suppose a grocer is asked for 50 cents worth of tea. The price is 73 cents. One indicator is set at 50, the amount wanted, the other at 78, the price of the tea. Tea is poured into the scoop until the scale is balanced, when the quantity of tea is found to be correct as if several minutes time had been consumed in making the calculation.

The Solidity of English Building.

"What has impressed you most on this side?" I asked of a Philadelphian.

"Its solidity," he replied, "its solidity. The English are the best builders, I should say, in the world; they seem to like building; where we have a fence they have a wall; where we have a wooden jetty they have a stone pier; where we have a wooden sidewalk they have a granite pavement; we are in a hurry about everything, content with makeshifts; the English are never in a hurry, and they hate makeshifts. I reckon we lick the English in inventing things, saving labor, and in steamboats; and, except that I admire the little gardens to the humblest homes in England, I think Philadelphia can match the old country for homes; but, as I said before, solid is the word I should write down to describe England."—*London Letter.*

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

THE TENTH CENSUS.

Synopsis of Interesting Facts Compiled from the Reports of the Census of the United States, Taken in 1880—Sixth Paper.

BY GODFREY JAEGER.

Fisheries of the United States.

Persons employed	131,436
Vessels "	6,605
Boats "	44,894
Capital invested	$37,955,349

Value of Products.

General fisheries	$22,405,018
Whale fishery	2,323,943
Seal fishery	2,289,818
Menhaden fishery	2,116,787
Oyster fishery	12,403,832
Sponge fishery	300,750
Marine salt industry	305,860
Total	$43,046,053

Dwellings and Families.

Number of dwellings	8,955,812
Number of families	9,945,916
Persons to a dwelling	5.90
Persons to a family	5.04

Newspapers and Periodicals.

Daily, morning	438
Daily, evening	533
Weekly	8,633
Semi-weekly	133
Tri-weekly	73
Bi-weekly	40
Semi-monthly	1,167
Monthly	160
Semi-monthly	2
Tri-monthly	13
Bi-monthly	116
Quarterly	6
Semi-annually	
Total	11,314
Aggregate circulation of dailies	3,366,395
Circulation of weeklies and all others	28,213,291

Public Schools.

Whole number	225,890
Separate schools for colored children	16,800
High school, or having high school departments	5,430
School buildings	164,832
Number sittings provided	8,968,731
Number of pupils	9,946,160
Average daily attendance	6,276,398
Value of school property	$211,411,940

Teachers.

	White.	Colored.	Total.
Male	96,059	10,520	106,619
Female	124,086	5,314	129,400
Total	220,185	15,834	236,019

Receipts.

From public funds	$ 75,737,361
Other sources	21,100,173
Total	$ 96,837,534

Expenditures.

Teachers' salaries	$ 55,745,029
Buildings and grounds	6,613,313
All other purposes	16,951,472
Total	$ 79,339,814

Farms.

Year.	Number Farms.	No. acres improved.	Total acres in farms.
1850	1,449,073	113,032,614	293,560,614
1860	2,044,077	163,110,740	407,212,538
1870	2,659,985	188,921,099	407,735,041
1880	4,008,907	284,771,042	536,081,835

The effect of the war, in retarding the progress of agriculture, is strikingly illustrated by these figures.

STRAY FACTS.

It is estimated that foreigners own about 25,000,000 acres of land in this country.

There are in England 187 ragged schools which are attended by 50,000 children.

The number of children of school age enrolled in the United States is estimated at 11,000,000.

The opinion is expressed by a Canadian physician that 50 per cent of all diseases arise from the use of stimulants.

A plan is on foot for utilizing the underground flow of the San Diego river by hydraulic dams. The proposed works will cost some $500,000.

Wires and bars are now produced direct from fluid steel by pressing it out through dies in a manner similar to the production of lead pipes from lead.

Connecticut is now the only state in the Union, it is said, whose legislature retains judicial functions. The Connecticut legislature is still a supreme court in equity.

Not many persons know that on the middle stem underneath a cotton leaf is a small cell or cavity that contains a drop of blood which can be seen by pressing between the thumb nails.

In several villages of the Viatki province in Russia, the peasants manufacture wooden watches, which work steadily, though they do not keep very accurate time; all the parts of the watch are of wood, except the axles, which are of horn.

On the walls of the largest factory in Norwalk, Conn., the following motto is displayed: "This factory will hereafter be run without rum or be closed. If any man employed here is seen drunk he will be discharged without further notice."

"Lenses of rock crystal taken from the ruins of Nineveh," said a member at the meeting of the microscopists in Cleveland the other day, "suggest that microscopes may have been used in those days." No one knows, indeed, who did invent the magnifying glass.

The superintendent of the Elmira reformatory says that drunkenness can be traced in the ancestry of more than a third of the convicts sent there; that only one in four of their parents has received a common school education, and that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the home influence in half the cases has been distinctly vicious.

The tropical gooseberry, which is cultivated in Florida, grows on a handsome tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fruit is r ther smaller than the Siberian crab apple, and the shape a flattened globe. It contains one hard seed. The fruit is only moderately valuable, but the tree is ornamental.

A Tennessee man finds there are 800,000 worthless dogs in that state, which consume food enough, if fed to hogs, to make 30,000,000 pounds of bacon, which would be equal to feeding meat to 100,000 able-bodied men o whole year. At ten cents per pound the bacon would be worth $3,000,000, and if in silver, would load down 94 two-horse wagons and make a wagon train more than half a mile long. Again, the worthless whelps prevent farmers from keeping 2,000,000 sheep, the mutton and wool from which would be worth $4,000,000. Including the sheep annually killed, the whole expense of keeping the dogs of the state amounts to the pretty sum of $9,000,000.

THE MARCH OF THE 21ST.

How Grant Taught His First Regiment to Obey Orders.

"The story about how Gen. Grant subjuduced the threatened insubordination in the 21st regiment when he took command of it would bear telling a little more in detail than you tell it to-night," said Maj. William E. Waite, an old veteran of the early days of the war, last evening. "I was in the 12th Illinois, the regiment of which John McArthur was colonel and Gen. Chetlain lieutenant-colonel, and was near enough to Springfield at the time to know all about it. The boys of the 21st were new in the service in those days, and hadn't begun to realize the necessity for discipline as well as they understood it later, nor did they appreciate the seriousness of the business they were to engage in, or anticipate the hard ships they would have to undergo as thoroughly as they came to do subsequently. They had been ordered to Missouri, as you say, and had refused to go in the freight cars which had been provided for their transportation, saying it they couldn't have passenger cars they wouldn't go at all. This was just before Grant took command, and he heard of it as soon as he reached the camp. But he didn't make any fuss about it or explain to any body how he intended to get around the difficulty. He simply sent for the officers of the several companies and told them he would like to have the regiment drawn up in light marching order as soon as possible. The regiment was forthwith drawn up, and after a few simple maneuvers the order to march was given, and, putting himself at the head Grant led them out along the road and kept them moving. After they had gone two or three miles the boys began to jeer at their commander and to make all sorts of remarks about their tramp, but Grant simply rode back along the line, telling the officers that they must keep their men in line, as their commissions depended on it. So the regiment kept marching.

"Meantime there was anxiety at Springfield to know where it had gone. There had been anxiety before to know how to get it off, since everybody knew the men had refused to go in the cars provided. Now it had gone, the cars were still standing there on the track, and nobody seemed to know what had happened or how it had happened. Later on some farmers came in and reported that they had seen a regiment moving off down towards Decatur in very good shape, and the idea was suggested that perhaps this was the 21st. On inquiry this was ascertained to be the fact, and the freight cars were sent after them. By the time they overtook them the boys were glad enough to ride in them, and from that time on the 21st was willing to follow Grant wherever he led the way."

THE "FOOT BURNERS."

A Tale of Arkansaw During the War of the Rebellion.

There are many people in Arkansaw who remember the following incident: During the war, certain parts of Arkansaw were infested with "foot burners." These wretches cared not for the success of either army, but were intent upon robbery. Generally the "foot burner" lived near, or at least was well acquainted in, the neighborhood where he operated. He knew who had money. When the "foot burners" asked a man to reveal the hiding place of his valuables and were refused, they seized the man, bound him and proceeded to roast his feet.

One day, in the northern part of this state, Judge Grimes, who was known to be wealthy, carried a heavy square box to a well known preacher—the Rev. Mr. Aldrich—and said:

"Brother Aldrich, I am going away and I wish you would keep this box until I return. All I want is your promise to keep it."

"I'll be running risk in taking it," Mr. Aldrich replied, "but to accomodate you, I will take it and secrete it until your return."

The judge thanked him and took his departure. A few weeks later, a party of "foot burners" went to the preacher's house and demanded the box.

"I cannot give it to you," replied Aldrich.

"Seize him, men."

The preacher was tied and thrown on the ground. A fire was kindled and the unfortunate man's feet were thrust into the blaze.

"Now will you tell us where that box is?"

"No."

They threw more fuel on the fire. Finally seeing that he would not tell, the wretches went away. For a long time it was thought that the preacher would die. Both feet were burned off and during many months he was confined to his bed.

Shortly after the war closed, the judge returned home. The next day after his arrival, the preacher had the box brought from its hiding place, then, after the old man was placed in a buggy, he drove to the judge's house, and when the judge had come out to the gate, he said:

"Here is your box, sir. It nearly cost me my life, and I shall never be able to walk again, but I have kept the promise I made you."

"I am very sorry to know that the foot-burners got a hold of you," said the judge, "but why didn't you give them the box?"

"Because I knew that its contents were valuable."

"Oh, no, my dear sir, the box is full of horse-shoe nails."

The scoundrel had given the preacher a box full of nails, in order that the attention of the foot-burners might not be drawn from himself, so that he could, with his money, leave the neighborhood. —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

OUR BOOKS.

Hints to all Who Love Those Cheerful Companions.

There are few families in the United States who do not possess at least the nucleus of a library. Of these many would gladly enlarge their stock of books, if they knew how, and thus, in time, and with care, have a library, large and well selected, at a comparatively small cost. In these days of modern ingenuity and enterprising publishers, one does not need to expend a fortune to obtain a moderate sized collection of books.

Those who really love their books, and obtain them for use and not for ornament, will consent to a plain, unpretending binding, unless it be in some exceptional cases where the value and beauty of the book are concerned.

First, if you are to have a library, and have no book case, do not be worried at the thought of that additional expense. There is surely a space in your room into which the carpenter will build a case. It need not be more than five shelves in height, and may be made of plain pine boards. When it is made according to the space or size you desire, paint it black or stain it, and on the edge of each shelf tack a narrow strip of pinked leather, or plain pinked oil cloth, with brass headed tacks, This should be of sufficient length to prevent the dust from accumulating on the tops of the books on each shelf. Your case then stands complete. It is modest and unpretending, yet serves its purpose admirably. If your case is not to be fitted in some space in your room, there is still a different, and to some a more convenient style of making one. The material and finishing may be the same, only adding boards to the back. Thus you make it in the form of a box, and if you have two of medium size, they can be used for packing boxes for books, in case of removal. It is a nice addition, if one has the means, to have two drawers at the bottom of the case, which serve admirably for pamphlets and magazines, or if not deep enough for that, papers, writing paper and work connected with them.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

The Treasures the Mother Finds When She Opens It.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening and I went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew she had shut it up and had gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us both until both our hearts are sore. I haven't looked at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the rim gone, some stockings, trousers, and a coat, two or three spools, bit of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to the drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was a burst of sunshine into our lives, and his going away has been like covering our everyday existence with a pall. Sometimes when we sit alone of evenings, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so still and so quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listened for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chair turned over, the broom down, or the rope tied to the door knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and to be there when I come; to call "good night" from the little bed now empty. And wife, she misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy as he used to be. So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

Courting Mennonites.

The Mennonites are noted chiefly for their social and religious eccentricities. In courting the lover abodes at the home of his sweetheart for months at a time in order that he may study her disposition and satisfy himself as to the propriety of a union. As a rule the members of this peculiar sect are grossly ignorant and pay but little attention to the education of their children outside of agricultural pursuits. In this, however, they are known far and wide for their superior training. They are frugal and industrious and a pauper is unknown among them. They observe the religious rite of washing the feet, and also believe in prayer and anointment for healing of the sick.

PITH AND POINT.

It is always the man's fault when he becomes a drunkard. Drink never takes to a man—the man takes to drink.

"Its not glory I am working for," said a young lawyer to an old jurist. "It isn't?" "No, sir." "Well, that's lucky, for I don't believe you'd get a smell if you were."

Said Bobby to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "Cos pa owes $12 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it!"

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

It is said "that the most cooling drink, is one will wait ten minutes for the effect, if hot sea." This may be true, but most men prefer something that will "get there" quicker.

A man has been arrested in an English town for the murder of his wife and three children. It is said that a couple of St. Louis papers have already made efforts to secure him as a contributor.

A 3-year old little girl was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added "and you better keep an eye on mamma, too!"

"Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, "don't you know it's Sunday? Don't you know that it is naughty to make a kite to-day?"

"But, my dear," interposed Fogg, "don't you see he is making it with a religious paper?"

"Oh," said Mrs. F., "I didn't notice that."

It was one of the good little boys from a Sunday school near Boston who gave this interpretation to a verse taught by his teacher: "Behold a greater than Solomon is here!" "Hold a grater to Solomon's ear!" When at a loss to give the answer "Cain" to a question relative to that individual, the teacher, to jog his memory, asked: "What does a man walk with?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "a woman."

"That boy of yours is not adapted for the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged. "What's the trouble with him?" "He hasn't a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B. buried her fourth husband; I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wished the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying her husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

Mr. Dusenberry (in astonishment, pulling a $20 gold piece from his vest pocket)—Why look at this, my dear! I'm in luck, to be sure, and I'm almost dazed over it, Mrs. Dusenberry—It just like your carelessness and—stupidity. It is the first time you've worn that vest since last summer. "Beg pardon, my dear. I wore it last night at the church fair." "Yes—I remember now that you did." "That is why I am paralyzed. I didn't expect to have a solitary nickel left."

"Do I believe in efficacy of prayer?" said Fogg, taking up the question which had been asked by the lady caller. "well, that depends. When a clergyman, for instance, rises in his pulpit and prays that good and wise words may be put into his mouth, and then proceeds to read a written sermon, I have my doubts. However, it is only a matter of opinion, after all, whether his words are good and wise. It is evident that the preacher thinks they are, else he wouldn't pray for the good and wise words."

WAR PICTURES.

Life in Vicksburg When it was Besieged by Grant.

From "A Woman's Diary of the Siege," in the Century.

May 29.—Since that day the regular siege has continued. We are utterly cut off from the world, surrounded by a circle of fire. Would it be wise like the scorpion to sting ourselves to death? The fiery shower of shells goes on day and night. H——'s occupation, of course, is gone, his office closed. Every man has to carry a pass in his pocket. People do nothing but eat what they can get, sleep when they can, and dodge the shells. There are three intervals when the shelling stops, either for the guns to cool or for the gunners' meals, I suppose—about eight in the morning. In that time we have both to prepare and eat ours. Nothing cannot be washed or anything else done. On the 19th and 22d, when the assaults were made on the lines, I watched the soldiers cooking on the green opposite. The half-spent balls coming all the way from those lines were flying so thick that they were obliged to dodge at every turn. At all the caves I could see from my high porch, people were sitting, eating their poor suppers at the cave doors, ready to plunge in again. As the first shell again flew they dived, and not a human being was visible. The sharp crackle of the musketry-firing was a strong contrast to the scream of the bombs. I think all the dogs and cats must be killed or starved, we don't see any more pitiful animals prowling around. * * * The cellar is so damp and musty the bedding has to be carried out and laid in the sun every day, with the forecast that it may be demolished at any moment. The confinement is dreadful. To sit and listen as if waiting for death in a horrible manner would drive me insane. I don't know what others do, but we read when I am not scribbling in this. H—— borrowed somewhere a lot of Dicken's novels, and we reread them by the dim light in the cellar. When the shelling abates H—— goes to walk about a little or get the *Daily Citizen*, which is still issuing a tiny sheet at 25 and 50 cents a copy. It is, of course, but a rehash of speculations, which amuses a half hour. To-day he heard while out that expert swimmers are crossing the Mississippi on logs at night to bring and carry news to Johnston. I am so tired of corn bread, which I never liked, that I eat it with tears in my eyes. We were lucky to get a quart of milk daily from a family near who have a cow they hourly expect to be killed. I send five dollars to market each morning, and it buys a small piece of mule meat. Rice and milk is my main food; I can't eat the mule meet. We boil the rice and eat it cold with milk for supper. Martha runs the gauntlet to buy the meat and milk once a day in a perfect terror. The shells seem to have many different names; I hear the soldiers say, "That's a mortar-shall. There goes a Parrott. There's a rifle-shell." They are all equally terrible. A pair of chimney-swallows have built in the parlor chimney. The concussion of the house often sends down parts of their nests, which they patiently pick up and reascend with.

Ominous Prophecies Concerning 1886.

Somebody has unearthed an old prophecy for the year 1886 of a decidedly unconfortable nature. It appears that in the church of Oberemmel, near the city of Treveri, in Germany, there is a stone tablet some centuries old, on which is cut the prophetic verse—in prose it may be rendered:

When Mark shall bring us Easter and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John swing the censer at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weepings and wailings.

Now, it so happens that next year Easter falls on St. Mark's day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and the Corpus Domini comes on St. John the Baptist's day, June 24. Here, then, are the first conditions of the prophecy fulfilled, so that now believers in prophecies and anxious-minded persons generally have only to sit down and think of everything disagreeable that can possibly happen to this poor old planet and the dwellers thereon between January and December, 1886. And, really, if the cyclones and earthquakes and epidemics and "wars and rumors of war" of the years 1882-3-4-5 are to be eclipsed, the prophecy is not an agreeable one.

The Vacancy Slops Over.

Wife (at a late hour)—Well, where in the world have you been?

Husband—To tell you the (hic) truth, m' dear, some of the (hic) boys at the office gone 'way on (hic) vacations, y' know, an—an short-handed y' un'stan', an' I've bee—been fillin' vacancy. Zat's hones' truth, m' dear, s'help me.

Wife—You seem to have filled the vacancy pretty full.

—The most stubborn and distressing cases of dyspepsia yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

The Camp Fire.

For the Blade Camp Fire.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

Move my arm chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Mason won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

Mournful through the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell;
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well;
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home!
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free,
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee.

Massa's berry kind to Pompey,
But old darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

'Pears like she was watching, Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How to him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul shall be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee.

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree,
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master dreaming of the battle,
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bit the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his proud crest of pride;
Man remembering how you sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervais, of Tennessee.

Still the southwind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly putting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters, wild and free;
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you;
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be the watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus, and the soldier
Glided to the better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

Chat Around the Fire.

W. F. M. Rice, Clio, Tenn.:

I was too old to take an active part in the late war for the Union and the dear old flag, but I was a target for rebels, and so was every Union man in the South. Oh, how we did hope and pray for the brave boys in blue to come to the rescue. They came, God bless them, and I fully endorse every line and sentence of the good, brave old soldiers of the 6th corps, Highmore, Dakota. May God bless all the brave boys that fought for the Union and the old star spangled flag. I am in favor of voting against any man or set of men that hesitates to give every Union soldier that wants and needs it, a pension.

A. J. Noble, Co. D,

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and must contain no more than two questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The question bureau is always full, and we are generally two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or doubtful bets. Replies to questions are printed to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

H. L. S., Silverdale, Kan., says the quotation, "Do not fear, heaven is as near," etc., asked for by a correspondent, can be found in Longfellow's poem, "Sir Humphrey Gilbert."

V. C. K., Wilson, Wis.:
Did Dr. John W. Webster, who killed Dr. Parkman, make a confession before his execution?
Yes.

Sub., Yoone, Dak.:
1. Was Gen. Grant taken to the state of New York rather than Galena, Ill., his home?
His family preferred New York, as that is their home now.

Sub., Sheridan, Mich.:
1. Is there any white blood in Sitting Bull? 2. Is he a graduate of West Point? 3. Please give a history of him.
1-2. No. 3. Has been given.

F. B., Chester, Utah:
What is the weight of a cubic foot of ice?
A cubic foot of ordinary water weighs 1,000 ounces avoirdupois, and when frozen solid, a cubic foot is 920 ounces, or 57½ pounds.

T. T. H., Gunnison, Col.:
1. What constitutes a Presidential postoffice? 2. Was not the dress of the BLADE changed a few years ago?
1. Where the salary amounts to $1,000. 2. Yes.

J. P. B., Humboldt, Ia.:
1. Are investments in railroad stocks usually safe? 2. What rate of interest do those who invest in them get?
1. No, unless you own enough stock to control the management. 2. Anywhere from 1 to 100 per cent.

M. W., (no postoffice):
What can you tell me of the "Iron Brigade?"
The "Iron Brigade" was organized in August, 1861, and disbanded in July, 1865. It consisted of the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin, the Nineteenth Indiana and the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and during the war it was commanded successively by the following officers: Gen. Rufus King, Gen. John Gibbon, Gen. Solomon Meredith, Gen. L. Cutler and Gen. E. S. Bragg.

F. M. A., Clyde, Kan.:
Can you tell me whether Vice-Pres. Wilson ever said that justice and humanity demanded that Jeff. Davis should go out of Fortress Monroe on bail?
Cannot find any record of it, but it is probably true, as he advocated the mildest possible treatment of the rebels and to all engaged in the rebellion while demanding full political rights for the colored people.

M. F., Cheney, Kan.:
1. Give a recipe for removing hair from the hands. 2. Where can I get soap that will remove tan? 3. Who is the author of these lines:

"A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry,'"

1. The safest depilatory is a strong solution of sal soda, which should be made into a paste with powdered starch. It should be applied immediately after it is mixed, and allowed to remain there for five or ten minutes. Sometimes soapy lather from ordinary soap will form the paste. A wooden or bone knife should be used. Shave off the hair before applying the paste. 2. Do not know. 3. Thomas Campbell.

Reader, Stryker, O.:
1. Name the chief justices of the United States in order. 2. Give the names of Cleveland's cabinet.
1. John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, Morrison R. Waite. 2. Secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard; secretary of the treasury, Daniel Manning, of New York; secretary of war, W. C. Endicott, of Massachusetts; secretary of the navy, W. C. Whitney, of New York; secretary of the interior, L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; postmaster general, W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; attorney general, A. H. Garland, of Arkansas. This question will not be answered again for at least six months.

Reader, Kimball, Mich.:
Give an account of Gen. Hull's surrender at Detroit in 1812.
Gen. Hull, in his official account of the attack on Detroit and its surrender, says that "at this time (on the morning of August 16) the whole effective force at my disposal, Detroit and Michilimackinac included, did not have carried into the field more than 600 men, and left an adequate force in the fort. There were landed at that time of the enemy a regular force of more than three times that number, and a host of Indians." In the report referred to above are the following paragraphs, which give the reader some idea of the condition in which Gen. Hull's command found itself: "At 4 P. M. Brock's force confronted him: "Being new troops and unaccustomed to camp life; having performed a laborious march; having been engaged in a skirmish the day before, in which a small number of Indians and more had received wounds; in addition to which a large number being sick and unprovided with medicine and the comforts necessary for their situation, are the general causes which rendered the army was incapacitated." He stated, further, that it became necessary to fight the enemy in the field, collect the whole force in the fort, or propose terms of capitulation. His effective force in the field, he says, consisted of "five hundred and seventy-one men. Mr. Claypool, father of the Hon. L. W. Claypool, of Morris, Ill., was a soldier in the Ohio ranks at the surrender, and in a private letter which he kept, he confirms Gen. Hull's statement, as well as the British account, says that it was well understood "that 1,000 British had crossed at Sprongwells, and that a vast number of Indians were back of the fort, perhaps 1,000."

N., Level Plains, N. C.:
Please give a complete list of the governors of North Carolina.
We believe the following is a complete list:

	From	To
Alexander Martin	1782	1792
Richard D. Spaight	1792	1795
Samuel Ashe	1795	1798
William R. Davie	1798	1799
Jacob Williams	1799	1802
James Turner	1802	1805
Nathaniel Alexander	1805	1808
Benjamin Williams	1808	1811
David Stone	1811	1811
Benjamin Smith	1810	1811
William Hawkins	1811	1814
William Miller	1814	1817
John Branch	1817	1820
Gabriel Holmes	1820	1824
Hutchins G. Burton	1824	1827
James Iredell	1827	1828
John Owen	1828	1830
Montfort Stokes	1830	1832
David L. Swain	1832	1835
Richard D. Spaight	1835	1841
Edward B. Dudley	1841	1843
John M. Morehead	1841	1845
William A. Graham	1845	1849
Charles Manly	1849	1851
David S. Reid	1851	1854
Warren Winslow	1854	1859
John W. Ellis	1859	1861
Z. B. Vance	1861	1862
William T. Holden (Provisional)	1862	1865
John Worth	1865	1865
William W. Holden	1865	1868
Curtis Brogden	1868	1871
Z. B. Vance	1871	1877
T. J. Jarvis	1877	1879
A. M. Scales	1880	1885

J. M., Glenwood, S. T.:
Please give a short description of Arkansas, its climate, soil, agricultural products, etc.
The state is 250 miles long from north to south and from 180 to 270 miles wide from east to west. The eastern portion is swampy and low. Near Little Rock the hill-country begins, with summits from 400 to 500 feet high. In the west and northwest are many mountain peaks and ranges of lesser degree of elevation. The Mamselle is a conical peak 1,000 feet high. A "sugar-Loaf" mountain is found in each of the four counties of Izard, Searcy, Marion and Van Buren. The Boston mountains, in the extreme north, are more than 1,000 feet above the general drainage of the country. Boat Mountain (1,200 feet above the Little Red river), the Pilot and Stark Mountains are a conspicuous group. All these mountains are in the summits. In Perry and Yell counties are the Fourche la Fave (probably a corruption of Fourche de la Fauve—deer's fork) and the Petite Jean. In Polk county is a complicated group called the Cossatot mountains. Rich mountain, the southern flank of a ridge in Hot Springs county are the famous "hot springs of the Washita," more than a hundred in number. Forty-two have been analyzed by the state geologist. The temperature ranges from 103° to 154°, and eggs have been cooked in them. "The Manypenny Spring" is credited with discharging 2,000 gallons of water per minute. It never freezes, and the mean annual temperature is 62°. In the northwest is a natural dam formed by a solid bed of limestone from six to eight feet thick. Mississippi river washes the eastern boundary for 230 miles in a direct line and 400 by its windings. The Arkansas, 2,000 miles long, flows across the state in a tortuous channel of 500 miles. At high water steamboats ascend as far as Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory. The St. Francis, 450 miles long, forms the eastern boundary between Arkansas and Southeastern Missouri. It is navigable for 150 miles. The Washita, a branch of the Red river, can be ascended by steamboats for 300 miles. Water communication is afforded to the southwestern counties by the Red river, which makes a detour into the state. Arkansas has altogether more than a thousand miles of steamboat navigation upon its rivers. A great variety of trees grow in the woods, among the most common of which are the cottonwood, the sycamore, the gum and the ash (of three kinds), black walnut, white poplar, honey locust, swamp, red and scarlet oak, box, hickory, elm, prickly ash, sweet gum, sycamore, cypress, hackberry, beech, linden, magnolia, yellow pine and locb, together with a very large undergroth of papaw, cane and spicewood. The bear, wolf, deer, raccoon, wildcat, etc., are frequently seen. Along the Mississippi river is the "gum-swamp," or "bayou," land and that of the "black prairie," formerly overflowed by the back water. Since the construction of levees the land has been reclaimed, and sometimes produces two bales of cotton to the acre. In the "black prairie" lands the roots down from four to six feet into the alluvial sediment. There are vast alluvial meadows along the Arkansas river which produce from 1,500 to 1,800 pounds of cotton and from 80 to 100 bushels of corn to the acre. The "black-sand land" along the Red river is also remarkable for its fertility. In some sections of the northwest the soil is gravelly and almost worthless, but large tracts are well suited for grazing and produce cereal grains and apples of the finest quality. The climate is subject to very sudden changes from the cold north winds.

J. B., Prescott, Kan.:
Please tell me how to send some large size photographs to England.
Roll up in pasteboard and send by mail. Your postmaster will tell you what it will cost.

F. H. C., Estelline, Dak.:
1. Is there a book published called "Poetry of the Bible," or a similar name, comprising all the poetical parts? 2. If so, where can I get it?
1. Yes. 2. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Reader, Big Horn, Wyo.:
Where can I get the report of the secretary of the treasury from 1863 till now, and what will it cost?
Write to the public printer, Washington, D. C.

Reader, Michigan:
Will undisputed possessors of property in the state of New York for any number of years entitle the possessor to that property to the exclusion of parties who hold a good deed to it?
No; but in adverse possession for 20 years the law raises a presumption of a grant.

A. W. B., Malden, W. Va.:
Please state if there was a disfranchising act passed by Congress and to what rank did did it apply?
An act was passed by the 37th Congress, which provided that no one engaged in rebellion against the United States could hold office under the government. It applied to every rank.

H. W. L., Effingham, Ill.:
Please give a recipe for making gold and silver inks.
Gold ink is prepared in the following way: Genuine gold leaf is rubbed with honey on a plate of agate or ground glass by means of a flat pestle, until the whole presents a uniform mass, in which no distinct particles of gold can be recognized. This mass is carefully removed into a vessel with water, which will dissolve the honey and leave the gold in an extremely disintegrated state behind. The water has, according to the size of the vessel, to be removed twice or three times, when all the saccharine matter will have been washed away. The remaining gold is then mixed with a sufficient quantity of a solution of gumarabic, soaken well, and is ready for use. The writing is to be rubbed, after drying, with a flat piece of ivory, when it will present the lustre of pure gold. Silver ink is prepared in the same way, from silver leaf.

N. S. K., Charlton, Iowa:
1. Who said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute?" 2. Was Thomas Paine friendly to Washington at the time of the latter's death?
1. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States, was aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington at Brandywine and Germantown, commanded at Fort Moultrie at the commencement of the siege of Charleston, and was made a prisoner on the surrender of that city, but exchanged in 1782. Appointed minister to France in 1796, he was given to understand by Talleyrand that unless the government received a present in money there would be war. "War be it, then," replied Pinckney; "millions for defense, sir, but not a cent for tribute." The cry was taken up, and on his return he was appointed a major-general in the army, in anticipation of war with France. In 1800 he was an unsuccessful candidate for President, receiving with John Adams the votes of the Federal party. He died in Charleston August 14, 1825. 2. Not very.

E. C., Jackson, Mich.:
1. Can you tell me who invented the grain cradle, and when? 2. I would also like to know the origin of the sweet potato. I once heard a botanist say it was the cultivated root of the morning glory.
1. Sickles and sickles of various styles were in use in ancient times. Some were used for cutting grain, and some were employed as weapons. The Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Gauls and Britons had long crooked scythe blades fastened to the axles of their chariots, or to the fellies of the wheels, which cut down those among whom the chariots were driven. As agricultural implements there was little difference in the form of ancient scythes and sickles from those of the present time. Mowing and reaping machines were suggested by the ancient Romans, but the first practical experiments in this direction and results were made in Europe in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The first machines, however, which attained to much efficiency, were made in the United States between 1830 and 1850. 2. Opinion is divided as to the native country of the sweet potato—some claiming America, others the East Indies, but it has not been found in the wild state in either country. It is also said to have been cultivated in China in very early times. In the South, the sweet potato produces a flower very much like that of the common morning glory, but in the north it rarely produces flowers in the Northern states.

S. E. H., Vanwert, Ia.:
Please give a short sketch of the life of Robert E. Lee after the surrender. Give date of his death, and state whether he ever held office or not under the United States government after the downfall of the "lost cause."
After the war Lee retired into private life, refusing even to attend public gatherings of any description. His own fortune had been almost entirely swept away during the war, but in October, 1865, he accepted the presidency of Washington college at Lexington, Va., where in a short time the students numbered nearly 500. In March, 1870, he appeared as a witness before the reconstruction committee of Congress. His testimony was to the effect that, as far as he knew, the people of the South did not contemplate any resistance or opposition to the government of the United States, and were in favor of the reconstruction policy of Pres. Johnson; that they expected to pay their portion of the national debt, and were willing, if unable, willing also to pay their share of the Confederate debt; and that the people of Virginia looked upon the action of the state in withdrawing itself from the government of the United States as carrying the individuals of the state along with it; that the state, not the individual, was responsible, and that the state was merely using a lawful reserved right. On the evening of September 28, 1870, while apparently in his usual health, he was struck with paralysis, and never fully recovered, although he lived a fortnight longer. His wife, Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Custis afterwards the wife of Washington, born at Arlington House in 1806, died at Lexington, November 6, 1873. Gen. Lee had three sons and four daughters. One of the daughters died during the war. His sons all served in the Confederate service.

C. H. F., Coopersville, Mich.:
Please give the speech made by Roscoe Conkling nominating Gen. Grant at Chicago in 18.0.
It is too long for this department, but liberal extracts are given below:

And when asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox
And the famous apple tree.

Obeying instructions I shall never dare to disregard, in the settlement of the state of New York to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can cranelly win. The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics, and it decides whether for years to come the country will be Republican or Cossack. The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry the united states, North and South; and believing that he is more surely than any other man to whom New York is against any opponent, and carry not only the North but several states of the South, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a Presidential candidate. Once he carried it even according to a Democratic count and twice he carried it by the people's vote, and he is stronger now. The Republican party is stronger in its hand; it is stronger now than in '68 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man; his services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done, and dangers and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, and having filled all lands with his renown, honored, rich, great and self-poised, he has seen not only the titled but the poor and the lowly in the utmost ends of the world rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of government, and he comes back a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense with which he began. Logic has aided him in all the fierce light that beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying and perilous sixteen years of the nation's history. Never having had "a policy to enforce against the will of the people," he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never betray or desert him. Vilified and reviled, truthlessly accused by unscrupulous persons not in other lands but in his own, the assaults upon him have strengthened and seasoned his hold upon the public heart. The ammunition of calumny has all been exploded; the powder has all been burned once, its force is spent, and Gen. Grant's name will glitter as a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the Republic when those who have tried to tarnish it will have mouldered in forgotten graves and their memories and epitaphs have vanished utterly. Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever in peace, as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender showed the wisest principles and prophecies of true reconstruction. Victor in the greatest of modern wars, he quickly signalized his aversion to war and his love of peace by an arbitration of one of the international disputes which stands as the wisest and most majestic example of its kind in the world's diplomacy. When inflation, relapsing of the $400,000,000 into worthless rags, had swept both houses of Congress, it was the veto of Grant which single and alone, overthrew expansion and cleared the way for specie resumption. To him, immeasurably more than to any other human is due the fact that every paper dollar is as good as gold. * * * Who dares to put fetters on the free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people? Can it be said that Grant has used official power to repentate his plan? He has no plan. No official power has been used for him. Without patronage or power, without telegraph wires running from his house to the convention, with no editor-pensioners or contrivances, without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips, and he is struck at by the whole Democratic party because his nomination means the death-blow to Democratic success. He is struck at by the moral health, he was struck with paralysis, and never fully recovered, although he lived a fortnight longer. His wife, Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Custis afterwards the wife of Washington, born at Arlington House in 1806, died at Lexington, November 6, 1873. Gen. Lee had three sons and four daughters. One of the daughters died during the war. His sons all served in the Confederate service.

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Sub., Sycamore, O.:
Can you tell me where I can get the battle scenes of the late civil war on colored plates?
Try Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

C. H. C., Ashtabula, O.: It might pay you to advertise your invention for sale, but unless you secure a patent the sales would not last long, as any one, you say, can make it.

J. R. S., Avilla, Ind.:
Can you tell me a book that has the national platforms from 1860 to 1884?
Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

C. M. W., Goodwater, Mo.:
1. What was the whisky ring fraud of several years ago? 2. Was Gen. Grant a Mason?
1. A combination of distillers, collectors, and even higher officers, to swindle the government. It was broken up by Sec. Bristow in 1875-76. 2. No.

F. W. C., Moline, Ill.:
Please give the yearly reduction of the public debt as given in the monthly reports for the last twenty years.
These reports are published in the BLADE every month. Read them, and you will know as much about the matter as we do.

W. H., Bethesda, O.:
Does a territory require a certain number of inhabitants before it can be admitted into the Union?
It is not customary to admit a territory as a state until there are as many inhabitants as are required for a congressional district. This number is now fixed at 154,325.

J. E. G., Toledo, O.:
Please inform us of the authorship of a poem, of which the following is a part:

"O love, it lies in you rich skies:
It floats on hill, on field and river;
Our echoes roll, from soul to soul,
And live and live forever."

From Tennyson's "Princess."

R. A., Newman, Ill.:
1. Please give recipe for removing surperfluous hair. 2. Who are the Veiled Prophets? 3. Where can I get a pamphlet telling the principal sights of large cities?
1. Given elsewhere. 2. An exhibition connected with Mardi Gras and other festivities in the South. 3. Try Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Reader, Larned, Kas.:
Please tell us why the colored population celebrate August 4, as Emancipation Day, when Lincoln issued his famous proclamation January 1.
Slavery terminated in the British possessions August 1, 1834, and 770,280 slaves were set free; slavery was abolished in the East Indies in August, 1838.

Y. A., Novelty, Mo.:
1. I am a young man, and want to turn Missouri upside down politically. Please tell me in what books and papers I can get the best and most reliable information—outside of the BLADE of course, as I take it. 2. Also, please tell me what books to commence on to study law.
1. "American Politics," a non-partisan publication, is a good record of the political history of the country up to the time of its publication, 1882. It may be ordered through Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 2. Blackstone, and Spalding's "Encyclopedia of Law and Forms."

J. O., Lindsborg, Kan.:
Please give a sketch of the life and explorations of A. E. Nordenskjoid, the Arctic explorer.
Born in Helsingfors, November 18, 1832. In 1858 he became professor of mineralogy in Stockholm, and between 1859 and 1868 took part in four artic expeditions, the most important of which, in 1868, resulted in thoroughly ascertaining the situation of Spitzbergen. From 1870 to 1872 he was a member of the second Swedish csanmber, and during the summer of 1870 he explored Greenland, going further into the interior than any previous scientific traveller. He has written narratives of his third arctic expedition of 1864, and of his Greenland expedition of 1870. In July, 1872, he was placed in command of an antarctic expedition.

A. O. S., Norton, Kan.
Will you be so kind as to let me know the names of the parties who composed the committee at the last G. A. R. encampment who reported adversely to the pensioning of ex-soldiers, and to what states they belong?
The names were not given in the report furnished to the press. The proposition was to cancel all pension legislation, and give every soldier a pension of $8 per month. There were two reports on the proposition, which was presented by Comrade Loring, of Massachusetts. The minority report (in its favor) was presented by Comrade Graves, of Michigan. The adverse report was adopted, after a protracted debate. The members of the committee did not decide the matter, so it does not seem necessary that their names should be published.

Pedagogue, Dayton, Ind.:
1. Please give sketches of J. T. Trowbridge and Oliver Optic. 2. How shall one having a decided taste for story-writing determine whether he has the necessary talent for a successful writer? 3. What is the most plausible theory as to the origin of the Indians?
1. Trowbridge was brought up on his father's farm, near Ogden, N. Y.; in 1826, when 19, he went to New York city, where he wrote for the press for a year; he then went to Boston, and he became known as a writer of popular tales, over the signature of "Paul Creyton;" edited the *Yankee Nation*, and afterwards *Our Young Folks*, made his home in Arlington, near Boston; is a contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and published a number of successful stories in book form. Oliver Optic was the pseudonym adopted by William T. Adams, an American writer of juvenile works. Adams was born in Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822; for 20 years a teacher, and for six years principal of the Boylston and Bowditch schools, Boston. Lee & Shepard were his publishers, and his publications attained great popularity. 2. His readers will determine for him. 3. That their ancestors belonged to "the lost tribes of Israel." This is about as "plausible" a theory as as any, as no one has been able to prove the contrary.

Reader, Fairmount, Tenn.:
1. Please explain the coast survey. 2. When Pres. Lincoln was designating the states and parts of states wherein slaves should be free, why did he omit Tennessee? 3. What is meant by a corpse lying in state?
1. It is designed to furnish accurate maps of the whole coast; to point out the positions for lighthouses, beacons, and other signals; to determine the direction and course of the currents of the ocean along our shores; to develope and determine the laws of the tides; to ascertain the prevailing courses of the winds and the general laws of storms and hurricanes. For the accomplishment of these objects a wide range of application of the practical sciences is required. Astronomy and geodesy furnish the means of projecting maps. The highest forms of mathematical science are involved in the investigation of the laws of the tides and the figure of the earth. Geology explains the changes which are constantly taking place in all our harbors and rivers, and in the general form of the coast. Natural history accounts for the formation of those coral reefs in the southern waters, so long the terror of navigators, predicts their growth and extension, and investigates the forms of animal life at the bottom of the sea, thus affording new and unexpected aids to navigation. Physical science furnishes the electric telegraph, by which longitudes are determined, and the electrotype and photograph, by means of which engraved plates and charts are indefinitely multiplied. The mechanic arts supply the most delicate instruments, and the industrial arts of drawing, engraving and printing are all required in their greatest perfection. 2. Because the state was represented in Congress. 3. Exposed to public view, prepared for interment.

J. S., Gorgesville, Va.:
1. You will confer a favor on a permanent subscriber by giving a history of the French Revolution, as extensive as your space will permit. 2. The Bastile—a full description.
1. We cannot surrender the space in this department to give its full history. It was a violent reaction against that absolutism wh ch had come in the course of time to supplant the old feudal institutions of the country. It began with an outbreak of insurrection and terror at Paris in July, 1789, including the destruction of the Bastile, January 21, 1793, King Louis XVI. was beheaded. The Christian religion was deposed, the sacredness of the family and worship of Reason was solemnized, and a disastrous reign of blood and terror followed, which was brought to an end in 1794, when Robespierre himself suffered on the guillotine the fate to which he had condemned countless multitudes of his countrymen. 2. This famous person was originally the castle of Paris, and was built by order of Charles V., between 1367 and 1383, by Hugo Aubriot, Prevot or Provost of Paris, at the Port St. Antoine, as a defense against the English. Afterwards, when it came to be used as a state prison, it was provided, during the 16th and 17th centuries, with moats, bulwarks and ditches. On each of its larger sides the bastille had four towers, of five stories each, over which there ran a gallery, which was armed with cannon. It was partly in these towers, and partly in cellars under the level of the ground, that the prisons were situated. The unfortunate inmates of these abodes were so effectually removed from the world without as often to be entirely forgotten, and in consequence it was found impossible to discover either their origin or the cause of their incarceration. The bastile was capable of containing 70 to 80 prisoners, a number frequently reached during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Though small compared to the number which an ordinary prison contains, these numbers were considerable, when we reflect that they rarely consisted of persons of the lower ranks, or such as were guilty of actual crimes, but of those who were sacrificed to political despotism, court intrigue, ecclesiastical tyranny, or had fallen into the family quarrels of the great. It was filled here in virtue of *lettres de cachet*—noblemen, authors, savans, priests, and publishers. On the 14th of July, 1789, the fortress was surrounded by an armed mob, which the reactionary policy of the court had driven into fury, and to the number of which every moment added. The garrison consisted of 82 invalids and 32 Swiss. The negotiations which were entered into with the governor led to no other result than the removal of the cannon pointed on the Faubourg St. Antoine, which by no means contented the exasperated multitude. Some cut the chains of the first drawbridge, and the contest began, in which one of the besieged and 150 of the people were killed, or severely wounded; but the arrival of a portion of the troops which had already joined the people with many of the pieces, turned the fortune of the conflict in favor of the besiegers. Delaunay, the governor—who had been prevented by one of his officers, when on the point of blowing the fortress into the air—permitted the second drawbridge to be lowered, and the people rushed in, killing Delaunay himself and several of his officers. The destruction of the bastille commenced on the following day, amid the thunder of the cannon, and the pealing of the Te Deum. This event, in itself apparently of no great moment, leading only to the release of three unknown prisoners—one of whom had been its tenant for 30 years—and four forgers, which fell to the lot of the 654 persons whose names now appear on the column in the Place de la Bastille, 400k part, nevertheless finally broke the spirit of the court party, and changed the current of events in France.

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COURTESY.

Real and Half Unreal, of Tongue and Heart.

Courtesy is, perhaps, a little affected by conditions of time. But in all persons and at all periods it may be brought into ill-fame by hypocrisy or exaggeration. It has a tendency to become that mere mouth-honor and breath which the heart, as Macbeth says, would fain deny—a game of words, a dress coat, a shadow of amiability, a sesame never to be forgotten before the doors of society, but out of mind and repeated to no purpose when one is at home. "Too polite to be honest" is a well-known Norman proverb.

The courtesy of all times has been, perhaps, in this sense, more than half unreal. The story of the Spaniard offering his watch to a friend who admired it is no new one. The friend promptly accepted the hidalgo's offer, and held out his hand to receive the golden gift, "Where," then said the Castilian, with extreme hauteur, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, "where, senor, is your politeness? That which I in courtesy offered you, you were bound by that same courtesy to refuse." This kind of civility may be called the beauty of the tongue, as Voltaire called true courtesy the beauty of the heart. It is a pinchbeck generosity, which, however false, has a certain social value. It conceals unpleasant moral deformities. When ably assumed it palliates selfishness, as paint judiciously put on palliates wrinkles. It is the polish of our conversational furniture. This is the kind of courtesy which Dr. Johnson, with his accustomed moroseness of disposition, called cant—the noxious weed which he advised Boswell to eradicate with all dilligence, if not from his speech, at least from his understanding.

Even the term "compliments," which originally meant all those minor delicacies of behavior that may be said to complete the virtue of courtesy, now means very little, if anything. Our ancient courseness and rocky hardness of speech has been smoothed and rounded into such forms as these, which, tumbled to and fro by the waves of conversation, become of less and less moment, and finally disappear. Courtesy has been degraded into a mere act of physical respect, a mere bending of the body and knees, originally belonging to both sexes, afterwards confined to one, and now nearly or entirely obsolete. Courtesy may also suffer from exaggeration. By too much courtesy we become discourteous, and excess of civility makes us uncivil. A gentleman of infinite complaisance was about to take leave of another of like disposition. The latter insisted on seeing him at the door of his house. The former refused, and, after many gracious words, locked

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10.

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Many people who are not regular subscribers, will receive a specimen number of this week's issue of the BLADE. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper puplished in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state of the Union, is the best evidence of its value. We ask every person receiving a specimen copy, and every person not already a subscriber who may read this paragraph, to remit us for a three months trial. The cost is but a trifle, and we guarantee you more for your money than you ever received before.

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Send in your name as soon as possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

CATTLE are now coming eastward from Texas and the Northwest ranges, the arrivals in Chicago being from 5,000 to 7,000 daily.

WE commend the questions presented by Mr. MANSFIELD, of Effingham, Kas., in his communication on "Foreign Immigration," printed elsewhere in this paper, to the consideration of our readers. The country has too many workingmen for the labor that is to be done. Shall we stop pauper immigration, or shall we allow Europe to pour into this country her surplus population? The question is increasing in importance every year, and an answer to it is demanded.

SEN. CULLOM, of Illinois, on his recent visit East, discussed frankly the purposes of the Republican Senators regarding CLEVELAND'S appointments. He said they would oppose the confirmation of every appointment made by the President where a removal had been made in advance of it for "offensive partisanship." He remarked that

> If the administration had removed men simply because they were Republicans, and put good Democrats in their places, the Republican Senators would not have dreamed of making any general fight against his appointments. But as it is, we propose to try each case upon its merits, and then decide for ourselves how much this offensive partisanship shall stand as a bar to holding office.

WHAT there are left of the Greenbackers are indignant at the fusion in Iowa with the Democrats, the latter placing E. H. GILLETTE, chairman of the National Greenback committee, on their ticket for lieutenant governor. A number of the faithful in Kentucky, headed by Judge GUFFY, of Morgantown, have issued a circular petitioning for signatures, asking the national committee of the party "to meet at an early day in September, and to remove GILLETTE from the chairmanship of said committee, and to declare that hereafter the Greenback party will in all cases run a straight ticket, and that persons favoring fusion will not be recognized as belonging to the party."

AMERICAN farmers and stock-raisers should be deeply interested in the development of our trade with the republics of South America. A large and lucrative business, it is said, can be done in the best grades of sheep raised in the United States, and there is a grand opportunity for the introduction of American breeds of cattle and horses, in which the people of Uruguay and Paraguay are showing an increasing interest. But to secure trade in animals or wares, and to compete successfully with other nations, the same efforts must be made as are made by them. The wants of the market must be studied, the same facilities offered in every way. Above all, there must be the easy communication and rapid and cheap transportation which is afforded by England, France and Germany.

THE New York *Sun* makes the admission that the howls about "Cæsarism" and "imperialism" in connection with Gen. GRANT, not only during his last term of office as President, but during the "third term" agitation, were all scare crows, gotten up to frighten the people. We quote a paragraph:

> Grant was no Cromwell, and we can now see plainly that his candidature for a third term of the Presidency, even if he could have been elected, would not have cast the direful shadow of the man on horseback upon the constitution and the republic. Had he succeeded in the canvass and held the office of chief magistrate for the four years ending in March, 1885, we may be sure that his tenure of the post would not have been made ridiculous by an abortive copy of the usurpation practiced by the third Napoleon. There is no reason to believe that his public conduct in a third Presidency would have been any other than it was in his previous terms of office, and it would very probably have been more exemplary. We can now see, too, that those four years would have been the last of his life, and that one of them at least, instead of being spent in machinations against freedom, was foredoomed to battle with the tortures of incurable disease.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE business situation is about the same as it was a week ago. The activity in trade is chiefly in print cloths, bleached cottons, wool and leather goods. The main features of improvement have been in the Eastern iron market. The inquiry for pig iron has increased, and prices have slightly advanced. Scotch pig is higher, and steel rails are on the upward grade, with good demand. The movements of general merchandise are seasonably active.

BRADSTREET'S agency reports 169 failures for the week in the United States against 146 the preceeding week, and 178, 142 and 121 respectively for the corresponding weeks 1884, 1883 and 1882. R. G. DUN & Co. report 156 in the United States for the past week. About 84 percent. of the failures were those of small traders.

A SERIOUS anti-Chinese outrage by white miners in the Union Pacific coal mines in Rock Springs, Wyoming, was committed on Wednesday last. Thirty of the Chinamen are reported killed, and 50 of their houses burned. Fifty houses belonging to the railroad company were also burned. The outbreak was the outcome of the ill-feeling of the white miners over the employment of the Chinese.

IT is understood that the policy of the administration on the silver question will be the substitution of deposits of silver bullion for the coinage of standard dollars.

A SOMEWHAT novel and complicated crime is revealed in the murder of "TOM" DAVIS in New York city. The murder was the outcome of an attempt on the part of DAVIS and his brother to swindle one JAMES T. HOLLAND, of Abilene, Tex., by the "sawdust" game. HOLLAND and his friend JOHN T. HILL, city marshal of a Texas town, had agreed to pay $500 for $10,000 in counterfeit money. DAVIS had put $10,000 in good money in a satchel, and to THEODORE DAVIS was entrusted the delicate task of exchanging it for a duplicate package filled with worthless paper. HOLLAND detected trickery and shot DAVIS dead. He and his companion are both in custody.

THE Waterways convention at St. Paul closed after the approval of resolutions reported by committees calling on Congress for an annual appropriation of $25,000,000 for the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country. The special claims of the Mississippi, between St. Anthony's Falls and Cairo, were set forth; then followed the Missouri and its tributaries, after which the needs of the Hennepin canal were fully stated. Next in order of mention were the Sault Ste. Marie canal, Red river of the North, the Yellowstone, Fox and Wisconsin, and the Chippewa and St. Croix, the resolutions closing with a plea for the extension of the lighthouse and snag-boat system on the Mississippi.

A NEW commercial treaty between Spain and the United States has been negotiated. The reciprocal provisions contained in the former treaty will be abandoned, and reforms in the Cuban customs laws, and the settlement of the claims of American citizens against the Spanish government, arising from the insurrections of Cuba, are provided for.

A CONGRESS of English-speaking Roman Catholics is proposed to be held in London, for the purpose of considering certain questions, some of them pertaining to the church entirely, but others of interest to all denominations. This is an entirely new departure for the Catholic church, and if carried out marks a new era in its history.

AT present there is little of interest in the political campaign in Great Britain. None of the leaders make any plain statement of their position, with the exception of Mr. PARNELL, who has frankly announced his line of action. That it should not be popular in England is what was to be expected. The English press declares that it is impossible to give Ireland any form of government savoring of home rule; Lord HARTINGTON has declared the same thing, and that the two great political parties would unite in vetoing such a plan. The Conservative leaders so far avoid saying much on this point, leaving the question open as to what they will do. Mr. GLADSTONE has returned home much improved in health, but it is not certain that he will be able to take an active part in the campaign.

IT is not at all certain that the Afghan matter is definitely settled, even if it should prove true that Russia has consented to give up the Zulficar pass to Afghanistan, nor will it be until it stands in the form of a treaty. At present Russia is awaiting the result of the fall elections, and that will determine her future movements. Should Lord GRANVILLE return to office, war would probably follow.

WERE it not that it would be the height of folly for Spain to engage in a war with Germany, the crisis which has arrived in the dispute about the Caroline Islands would seem to render one inevitable. The German flag has been planted on Yap Island in the presence and against the remonstrance of the commanders of two Spanish war vessels which were already anchored there. The excitement in Madrid when the news reached Spain was intense. A crowd assembled in front of the German Embassy, tore down the coat-of-arms, dragged it through the mud and finally burned it amidst cries of "Down with Germany." Of course, some decided action on the part of the government will be necessary, but although the look at present is in the direction of war, the probabilities are that the matter will finally be adjusted amicably, leaving Germany in possession of Yap Island.

CHILI is not so respectful in her attitude towards the United States as the great disparity between the two nations would seem to make likely, and it is not impossible that she may precipitate a war with this country, absurd as it may seem. She has a grudge against us, because of our friendship to Peru. The Chilians are a warlike people, and have a powerful navy, while we have none. They could ravage the Pacific coast before anything could be done for its protection, and inflict large damages. She has been successful in her wars with Peru and Bolivia, which were formerly powerful republics, and intoxicated with success may not feel averse to a trial with the United States. That she will do so is doubtful, but the question of possibilities has been under discussion by the Chilian President and his ministry.

WHAT PROHIBITION REALLY DOES.

The regular stock argument against Prohibition is "Prohibition does not Prohibit." It would seem unnecessary to deny so absurd a statement, for if Prohibition does not Prohibit, and if, under Prohibition the sale of liquor is increased, instead of diminished, those who oppose it most bitterly, namely the Brewers and Distillers, would favor it.

The regular statement is that liquor can be procured in Maine, Iowa, and Kansas, as freely as before Prohibition.

This is partly true and partly false. It is a fact, which has never been denied by Prohibitionists, that liquor is drank in all those states, that the law is violated, daily and hourly, that drug stores sell under cover and by means of bogus physician's prescriptions, and that there are club rooms, and all that sort of thing.

All this is true, more's the pity. Any one who chooses to go to the trouble and expense can get all the liquor he wants in any of the Prohibition states. There is no doubt about this. Prohibitionists admit it because it is true.

But nevertheless Prohibition has accomplished in all those states all and more than its most ardent promoters have claimed for it.

The liquor trade as it is now esta' lished is a hunt for weak men and boys. Under the old system in every city and village in Maine there were Rumshops on every corner. The proprietors of these Rum shops had but one business, and that was to entice laboring men into their dens, and to seduce boys into the habit of liquor-drinking. They knew that, the appetite once fixed, it was a dead sure thing that the entire earnings of the victim, above what was absolutely necessary to sustain a very wretched life, would find its way into their tills. The enormous profits of the nefarious business made the conscienceless wretches engaged in it keen and eager in the pursuit of material to work upon, and the result was that Rum shops multiplied like the lice in Egypt, and the material prosperity of the state decreased in exact proportion.

What did Prohibition do? It closed up the open mouths of hell and restricted the trade to holes and corners. Of course, it did not do away with the appetite in those in whom it was firmly fixed, nor did it stop that class of naturally vicious men and boys who will go to hell the shortest road, anyhow. They will have it, and they can get it, and probably always will. Only until the millenium comes and all men have their faces set toward the good rather than the bad will it be different.

But it did stop the manufacture of drunkards by wholesale. It closed all the open traps. There are no longer in Portland, as in Toledo, gaudily-furnished beer shops on every corner and in every block. There are no longer places into which boys can be enticed to be ruined, nor are there 300 men whose business it is to create the appetite that kills. The only liquor business done in Portland is the supplying of the old soaks who are already ruined beyond redemption, and the foreigners who brought the appetite with them, and who will gratify it at any hazard. The boys and young men of the state of Maine are growing up without a knowledge of the taste and smell of the accursed poison, and the next generation will be reared entirely outside the horribly demoralizing influences engendered by Rum. The saloon, the very atmosphere of which is impregnated with everything that is destructive to the moral and physical man, has been entirely wiped out and Maine will have a race of men clean inside and out.

Prohibition can do but little for the present generation of whisky-soaked men, but it can save their sons and daughters. It can and does make the traffic obnoxious to the sense of the average man, it does prevent the debauching of the boys, and it does remove temptation from those who are not confirmed in the appetitite, That is all that is claimed for it. Only the confirmed are going to buy and drink rum, when to get it requires the violation of a law, and more trouble and worry than it does to do a day's work. Prohibition wipes out the glittering saloon with all its attractiveness. It destroys the social feature of drinking, and reduces it to the level of taking a poison for the effect it has upon a system which has been indulged to the degree of demanding it. In Prohibition states they do not drink, they dose.

There is no danger of any one forming the habit when to get the stuff he has to descend winding stairs, or climb long flights of steep ones, and take it as a thief eats stolen food. Prohibition robs Rum of its glamour, and reduces it from a social, pleasure-inspiring medium, to a horrible stimulant taken because a debased nature demands it. There is no multiplication of drunkards possible under such circumstances. Prohibition is the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publishers Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

IN response to MANNING'S recent circular making inquiries about the tariff, a meeting of 100 of the leading business men of Rhode Island was held, at which addresses were made by Sens. ALDRICH and CHACE, and other gentlemen, deprecating an agitation of the tariff question, and a resolution was unanimously adopted, which, after alluding to the present sensitiveness in relation to all industrial enterprises, declares that any general revision of the tariff would be exceedingly disastrous to the entire industrial interests of the country.

BEN BUTLER'S talk of an injunction to prevent the abandonment of the Indian lands by the cattle barons is not considered to be of any importance by the authorities at Washington. The time fixed by the President's proclamation expired on September 1, but the advices received from the West show that the cattlemen are all obeying the order. As long as they have manifested a willingness to obey, Sec. LAMAR will not order a military force to hasten their departure, and no injunction can be applied until the soldiers have taken some steps to dispossess them.

THE BUSINESS REVIVAL AT OUR DOORS.

The indications of a business revival that come from all parts of the country are cheering. The iron industry has begun to boom. The Southern mills and furnaces are running on full time, and making money. The mills of the Pittsburg region are not only starting up, one after the other, but they are beginning to run on double turn—two shifts of men working, keeping things humming both day and night. This makes work for the miners and the railroad men. Then from all points come reports of cotton mills, and glass furnaces, and the thousand and one hives of industry, starting on full time, or increasing their output.

Nor are the products of mills and factories stored up awaiting purchasers. They are going out rapidly to supply the new demand which has suddenly sprung up from a" sections of the country. The wholesalers and jobbers report unexpectedly good sales. The retail dealers in all kinds of goods find that the people come to buy instead of to chaffer, are liberal in their orders and prompt in payment. Manufacturers in many diverse lines are astonished at the rapid increase in their orders. Their customers are buying much more heavily than for the past two or three years, and repeating their orders freely, showing that the people have begun to buy again. The fact seems to be, that the long-headed ones—the portion of the public who can see beyond the ends of their noses—realize that values have struck rock bottom. They see that it is not in the nature of things that prices should go any lower, and they are taking advantage of what they know to be the cheapest rates at which they can obtain goods for a long time in the future.

All these cheering facts are but the commencement of beeter times. The only thing that is now needed is for the masses of the people to realize that the good times are not only coming, but are actually here. There is a vast deal of idle money in the country. Not only is it piled up in the banks of the great cities, but the total of small accumulations of savings in the pockets of the people is extremely large. Let the masses understand that now is the time to buy if they wish to buy cheaply, and this idle money will be spent for articles that are needed, and the golden stream will at once set all the wheels of trade into active revolution. Let every man have confidence, and act up to it, and presto! the stagnation is gone, and the hum of industry at once fills the land. In this matter the pithy advice of HORACE GREELEY is exactly applicable: "The way to resume is to resume." The man whose over-caution leads him to hang back, and wait for a better chance to buy, to hope for a little lower price, is foolish. He will pay, six months from now, much more than he will to-day. The conditions are ripe for a business revival. It is here, waiting at our doors. From East to West, from North to South, come reports of unwonted activity in almost every line. The boom is here. Let every man take hold at once, and the hard times will be gone.

"But," says the doubter, "revival of business may have begun in certain lines. It hasn't touched *me* yet." Foolish man, it is because you don't reach out and grasp the opportunity. The men who make money are those who are keen enough to note the earliest indication of the setting in of the wave of prosperity; fearlessly they embark, and ride on its crest to fortune. He who waits lies wallowing in the trough between the waves. He moves along, but he has lost the grand opportunity. Now is the time for all of us to act as if the depressed condition of things were entirely in the past. Every man who puts his business actively to work now is aiding the revival by just that much. If all do it, the boom is an accomplished thing. All it needs is a reasonable degree of confidence; and the signs of the times, if read aright, will show that over-caution just now is thrown away. The occasion is propitious. Let every man spread his sails fearlessly to the rising breeze. The boom is here.

CLEVELAND has returned to Washington, and the country is now waiting to have him show his hand in something besides the disposal of the offices. The people want to know what CLEVELAND is going to do on the tariff, what is the administration's position on the silver question, what its attitude is on the railway question and regarding the plans of the Water-way convention for the improvement of inland navigation on northwestern rivers, and other matters in which every citizen has a vital interest. He can not much longer sit at his big desk with a fat smile of self-gratulation reaching around to the back of his neck.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR., announces that arrangements have been made with Mexico for the settlement of a number of Mormons in the state of Chihuahua, where a grant of land has been obtained from the Mexican government on the stipulation that the Mormons shall obey the laws. It is plain that this will not be done unless they renounce polygamy, as the Roman Catholic church, which dominates Mexico, is as much opposed as is the government of the United States to the practice of polygamy.

THE Treasury department is endeavoring to force silver dollars into general circulation by retiring one and two-dollar bills. The New York banks report already much inconvenience from this order, and it seems as though it may eventually injure the cause of the silver advocates, through the unwillingness of the people to be burdened with the unwieldy coins instead of the convenient and safe bills.

SOME one has been looking up the law governing the appointment of foreign ministers from the United States, and finds out that Mr. KIELEY is entitled to no salary since the date at which the Austrian government refused to receive him as a minister to the Vienna court. Probably this fact has much to do with Mr. KIELEY'S readiness to resign, which has been mentioned in Washington news dispatches.

UNLESS with the revival of business there is an increase in the tide of immigration the additions to our population from this source will fall below those of last year. The number arriving at our leading ports for the first seven months of the present year was 218,178, as against 276,690 for the corresponding period of the year previous.

SMALL-POX is raging in Valparaiso, Chili. From ten to fifteen new cases occur daily, and the scourge is apparently increasing in virulence.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A correspondent of the BLADE at Lottsville, Pa., writes us the following:

> In the WEEKLY BLADE of August 27, I see you oppose the redemption of United States bonds by using a part of the vast sum in the treasury, giving as a reason it would soon float to the great money centers. If this is true, is not some special legislation needed at once to restore an equilibrium between the producer and capitalist? Why not diminish the number of grains in the gold dollar, and reduce it to the standard of the silver one, instead of the reverse, as is advocated by most of the opposers of silver coinage?

Our friend evidently misread the article in the BLADE to which he refers. We were discussing Mr. ARMSTRONG'S proposition to take $300,000,000 out of the treasury to buy bonds, for which he alleges as a reason "that this vast sum of money will be at once placed in circulation, relieving the stringency, buoy up business and revive the industries of the country." We are not opposed to using the treasury surplus for the redemption of the public debt—far from it. One of our objections to the financial policy of the Democratic administration is that it has issued no bond call since it has been in power, though amply able to do so. It merely allows the money to pile up in the treasury vaults. But what we said, in effect, was that the result of buying up $300,000,000 in bonds would not be as Mr. ARMSTRONG thinks. There is plenty of idle money in the country now. The rates of interest are lower than ever before. It is heaped up in the money centers, waiting safe and paying investments. A plethora of money is a sure sign that the trade of the country is in a bad state. Active business and rising markets always create a demand for capital. The larger the trade the more need for money, and increasing prosperity promotes new enterprises which require capital. The $300,000,000 would only be added to the idle capital.

We do not understand what measures our correspondent would favor to "restore the equilibrium between the producer and capitalist." We believe that the business depression from which, if the signs are true, we are just beginning to emerge, was due to causes beyond the reach of legislation. As to his proposition to reduce the gold dollar to the silver dollar standard (the bullion value of the silver dollar was, on September 3, 81.01 cents), it would be productive of nothing but harm. It would work to the advantage of the debtor class in paying debts, but would be a dishonesty which the United States government will never perpetrate. It would be to the detriment of the working class, for this reason: the price of everything the workingman eats, drinks or wears would go up at once 19 per cent. Wages would not follow so readily, however, because the labor market is overstocked. There are five men to do the work of three—that is, for every three men now at work, there are two idle. Wages follow the same law as the price of wheat, for instance. If we have a surplus of it, the price will not advance. Then our friend's plan would do no good to the farmers and producers of the country. The prices of grain, live stock, etc., would of course advance, but so would the price of everything they buy. The scheme is chimerical. We have only indicated a point or two, and advise our correspondent to think it over again. He will speedily arrive at the conclusion that it would be a disastrous move.

AN IRISH PARLIAMENT.

IF Mr. PARNELL'S recent speech, only abstracts of which have been given by cable, means that Ireland demands a parliament similar to those of Canada and Australia and subject to the same limitations, there is no reason why it should not be granted by the British government. It would at once put an end to abuses which have grown out of the hatred of the Irish people toward their English officials. Were many of the same laws to be enacted by an Irish parliament that have come from the English, they would not cause a ripple of disturbance. The feeling of independence which self-government gives, produces also self-respect, which, in its turn, brings self-control.

It is true that English landlords in Ireland would be subject to Irish laws made by an Irish Parliament, but that in itself is purely a matter of justice. It could not change the titles to the lands, nor make contracts invalid, but it could legislate so as to make wide stretches of waste country productive, furnishing homes for many of the miserable wretches who now barely gain enough to keep soul and body together. There would be some hope of the revival of manufactures, which would give Ireland a place among producers, instead of simply being as now a consumer.

It is not strange that Ireland demands local government, but it will be more than strange if England does not come to the conclusion that it is her right equally with Australia and Canada. The growth of public opinion has been slowly that way, delayed by the exasperation caused by the violent deeds of the Irish people and those who claimed to represent them. Let these cease and an Irish Parliament will soon be an accomplished fact.

GERMANY has tried both free trade and protection. It preserved a free trade policy until 1879, when it adopted a strong protective tariff. The result is seen in the fact that BISMARCK urges Count KALNOKY to adopt protective tariff schedules for Austria, asserting that only by its means can the German industries be saved. He has given both systems a fair trial. German free trade depressed industry and sent Germans across the water to the United States by the thousands every month. The protective policy has resulted in a marked revival of manufacturing and mining industry, and by thus providing employment for the surplus population, and imparting a new spirit of activity, has successfully checked emigration, which could not be regarded other than as a national calamity. BISMARCK is a practical statesman, and has no further use for British free trade.

IF there is anything like an honest election in Virginia this fall, the Republicans will score a triumph. WISE has the united and enthusiastic support of the Republicans, many who have heretofore been disaffected and lukewarm being in the front rank of those who are working for his election. On the other hand, while LEE is popular with the Democrats, there is much disaffection in their ranks, and it is believed there will be large Republican gains in places that have been Bourbon strongholds. The tariff question, it is anticipated, will help the Republican ticket, and the leaders are confident that with a fair election and an honest count victory is certain.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

RUFUS HATCH has written a letter to the New York *Sun* which is full of encouragement to the farmers of the country. He declares that if the farmer will hold his wheat for $1 per bushel at the railroad he will get that price, and by selling half as much as he did last year he will receive more money for his sales and still have some wheat left to carry over to another year. His reason for this statement is that our wheat crop for this year is short. The winter wheat is not more than half a crop, and the spring wheat is reported as damaged one-third. The government report for July, which does not include the damage to spring wheat (it having taken place to a large extent since the report was prepared), places the entire yield of the United States for 1885 at 357,000,000 bushels. In 1884 the government report placed the yield at 512,000,000 with 40,000,000 on hand from the crop of 1883. Add these amounts together and we get at the total amount of wheat that this country has had during the last two years:

From old crop at the beginning of the harvest of 1884	40,000,000
Total yield of 1884	512,000,000
Total yield of 1885 (deducting nothing for spring wheat damage)	357,000,000
Total for two years	909,000,000

From this two years' total must be taken the amount required for home consumption and for seed—700,000,000 bushels for the two years—leaving available for export and for carrying over to next year only 77,000,000 bushels. Or, to tabulate it:

For home consumption, 1884	300,000,000
For seed, 1884	50,000,000
Exported	132,000,000
For home consumption, 1885	300,000,000
For seed, 1885	50,000,000
Total	832,000,000
Total amount of wheat for 1884 and 1885	909,000,000
Consumption, seed and export	832,000,000
For export and to carry over, 1885	77,000,000

These figures are reasonable; and, figuring on the basis they give, Mr. HATCH says that if we expect half as much wheat as we did in 1884, we shall not have any surplus at all at the commencement of the harvest of 1886. And he goes further. If we should have no better crop next year than that of the present year, we shall have to import wheat within the next eighteen months, and the price will be higher than it has been for a quarter of a century.

The great question, however, is as to whether the foreign demand will be large or small. On this point Mr. HATCH adduces the fact that there is no wheat-producing country in the world that has a full crop, while many fall considerably below the average. France and England have greatly reduced their acreage by turning their wheat fields into pastures for sheep and cattle, thereby realizing better profits than they could from raising wheat, which in the years 1884 and 1885 sold at a lower price than in 100 years. England's acreage is decreased from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels, and France 35,000,000 on acreage alone. Russia's shortage from drought and blight is reported as anywhere from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000. The loss of the crops in Russia has advanced gold to a premium of 15 to 20 per cent. already in Southern Russia. Again, the rye crop of Russia, Germany, Austria and Prussia is fearfully damaged. If our foreign news is true, the shortage of breadstuffs in England, France, Germany and America is nearly 500,000,000 bushels, for in Russia and Germany rye forms the staple food, as wheat does in this country. Mr. HATCH argues that with the fact of this shortage in foreign countries, it is very poor policy for the American farmer to part with his wheat at the prevailing low prices, when there is certain to be a scarcity of wheat within twelve months. The short crop of 1881 made money for the farmer who held his wheat and for the speculator who bought. The losers were the farmers who rushed their wheat to market and the bears who sold "short."

Mr. HATCH figures the wheat in sight at all points at about $40,000,000 bushels, and thinks that the grand total of this and the present year's crop, in this and other countries, is insufficient for the world's supply. Hence he strongly advises farmers to hold their wheat for the raise which he considers inevitable.

THE New York *Herald* gives a hitherto unpublished memorandum by Pres. LINCOLN, regarding harbor defenses. About the time of the completion of the rebel iron-clad Merrimac, there was a general feeling of alarm lest she should visit Northern ports and destroy the shipping, and the Massachusetts legislature appropriated $1,000,000 for harbor and coast defence, chiefly for the protection of Boston. Gov. ANDREW sent a representative to Washington to confer with the authorities there as to the means of expending this appropriation to the best advantage. In the course of conversation the President made a suggestion of his own, which, at the request of Gov. ANDREW'S representative, he afterwards put on paper as follows:

> On this general subject I respectfully refer Mr. ——— to the secretaries of war and navy for conference and consultation. I have a single idea of my own about harbor defence. It is a steam ram, built so as to sacrifice nearly all capacities for carrying to those of speed and strength, so as to be able to split any vessel having hollow enough in her to carry supplies for a voyage of any distance. Such a ram of course could not herself carry supplies for a voyage of considerable distance, and her business would be to guard a particular harbor as a bull-dog guards his master's door.
>
> April 4, 1868. A. LINCOLN.

Secs. STANTON and WELLES were not strongly impressed with the suggestion, however, and it was not acted on, especially as the achievements of the Monitor dispelled all fears of rebel iron-clads attacking Northern ports. The plan is a sound one, however, and it may yet be put in practice for the defense of our seaboard cities.

THE condition of the agricultural population of Ireland is much worse off to-day than ten years ago. Government statistics recently issued show that so many small holdings have been given up, from the inability of the tenants to make a living upon rented land, that nearly 400,000 acres of tillable land have relapsed into a wild state, and are reported as "bog and waste land." The Conservatives have a difficult matter on their hands in dealing with the Irish question.

THE spoilsmen rejoice that the fourth-class postoffices are being turned over at the average rate of 100 per day. There being 48,421 fourth-class offices in the entire country, it will take over 400 working days to fill the number yet to change, there having been only a few over 6,000 as yet placed in Bourbon hands. Ohio has received so far more than her share—641; yet there is a howls from every corner of the state that the machine move faster.

THE BLADE'S SEWING MACHINE.

We are now preparing our descriptive circular, which we hope to begin to mail within a week. We have tested the machine in every possible way, and can assure the people that it will justify any warrant that may be put upon it. It will do any work required in a family, and is not excelled by any in use, in point of easy running and noiselessness.

We are receiving 50 or more applications a day for circulars, and we ask all persons contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine this fall to send us their address. We shall sell our superior machine for less than half the price asked for the cheapest standard machines, and warrant it in every particular.

Boys in the Prohibition states are not being enticed into dens that are half whisky shops and half gambling holes, the very atmosphere of which is thick with demoralization. In those states the Home is as powerful, because the saloon is not.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

The secretary of the Treasury's monthly report, otherwise known as the "debt statement," claims to show a reduction of $2,879,052 in the national debt. But not a dollar of the debt has been paid, not a bond has been called in. The debt is as large as it was the day the Democrats stepped into power in Washington. There are several million dollars more in the treasury, that is all. Notwithstanding the fact that the statements issued monthly by the treasury show an aggregate reduction of the debt of nearly $43,000,000, in the nine months since last November, the interest-bearing debt has actually been increased several thousand dollars, while the decrease for the same time of the debt on which interest has ceased has not been quite $6,000,000. The "reduction" of $43,000,000 in that period is merely an increase of the surplus in the treasury vaults by about $36,000,000, since the maturing of the last bond call.

Nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly the difference between Democratic promises and their fulfillment. The burden of HENDRICKS'S speeches a year ago was the "enormous surplus" of $400,000,000 in the treasury, which he promised, in case of a Democratic victory, should be distributed among the people. He waxed eloquent as he descanted upon the lack of money in the country, and pictured the beneficial results that would follow if this $400,000,000 were taken out of the vaults and put in circulation. Trade would revive, the idle would find work in plenty, the hungry would be fed, the naked would be clothed. The people cheered to the echo, and thousands found in his argument a convincing reason for voting the Democratic ticket.

But what has the result been? The surplus is greater than ever. The regular reduction of the public debt, averaging $10,000,000 a month, which went on for years under Republican rule, has stopped entirely. A juggling change in the debt statement has been made, by which the surplus is shown to be $100,000,000 less than under the old form of stating the debt, but the amount of money remains the same—in fact, is increasing from month to month. The money is not poured out into business channels. Trade has been more depressed than ever since the Democracy took hold, and the revival which now bids fair to set in is due to other causes entirely. It is in spite of a Democratic administration, not because of it. The idle workmen of last fall are still idle, only there are more of them. The hungry and naked still find it impossible to provide fully for their wants, despite HENDRICKS'S eloquent periods a year ago. Six months of Democratic administration have passed away, the amount of money in the treasury is larger than ever, the debt has not been reduced one penny. A fig for Democratic promises!

THE Boston *Journal* thus sets forth the truth of what the Democrats allude to as a "waving of the bloody shirt:"

> The comment of the Southern Democratic press upon the speech of Sen. Sherman is spiteful, and, we may add, unfair. None of them that we have had have given any considerable portion of the address, but treat it editorially as an attempt to revive the issues of the war and to renew sectional strife. They have not the candor to say that all that Sen. Sherman demands is that the elections in the south shall be as free and as fair as are those in the states of the north. Nevertheless, that is all that Sen. Sherman demands. The Republicans who agree with Mr. Sherman—and they comprise the intelligence of the party—see great injustice in a system by which suffrage is overthrown, and 25 or 30 Congressional districts which would, with constitutional suffrage and honest counting of votes, elect Republicans made Democratic by fraud and intimidation. Already the political complexion of one House and of one Presidential election has been determined by the suppression of suffrage.

THE Virginia Democratic government employes are becoming "offensive partisans," if the recent definitions of that term are to extend to Democrats as well as to Republicans. They have organized a "Virginia Democratic association," and are preparing to give FITZHUGH LEE all the aid in their power. As Republicans have been removed from office for similar acts, we wait with some curiosity to see if civil service reform extends to these Bourbons.

AS AN aid in preventing frauds in the entry of public lands the commissioner of the general land office is preparing an index to land entries and patents. Such an index will be a great help in determining whether a would-be homesteader has entered or patented homestead lands before.

THE law providing for the introduction of the immediate postal delivery system in towns of 4,000 inhabitants, based upon the last national census, is being criticised as unfair, inasmuch as many towns of 3,000 population in 1880 are to-day much larger while others have retrograded.

JUDGE HARLAN, presiding judge of the court of Alabama Claims, holds that Comptroller DURHAM'S decision disallowing all the minor expenses of the court is in conflict with the acts of Congress creating the court and prescribing its duties.

OUR Democratic brethren who are so annoyed over what they call the "waving of the bloody shirt," can take that ensanguined garment out of politics forever by giving the Southern negro the privilege of voting as he pleases without thereby endangering his life.

THE National Butter, Cheese and Egg association will hold its annual meeting and exhibition in Chicago during the week of the National Fat Cattle show, from November 10 to 14. Liberal premiums are offered for superior samples of dairy products.

THE undertaker's bill for Gen. Grant's funeral was $15,000 instead of $30,000, as first reported.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The total exports of produce from New York during the last week were valued at $6,147,141.——The money market in Canada is glutted. It is believed that the bank of Montreal alone holds from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 of idle funds.——An American citizen who has been confined in a Paris prison for a month on the charge of offering to sell worthless Mexican bonds has proved his innocence, and been released at the instance of United States Minister McLane.——Ohio Democrats have appealed to Gen. Rosecrans to stump the state this fall.——The Massachusetts cranberry crop was damaged by heavy frosts, Wednesday night.——The managers of the Ohio Penitentiary promise to discontinue the manufacture of brooms and harness in that institution. Former promises in the same direction have failed to materialize. —— Twenty one cholera stricken hogs were killed at Chicago, on Thursday, where they had been shipped for market.——Ex-Sen. Gwin, of California, died in New York, Thursday.——Austria has a wheat surplus for export of twelve million hundred weight, double that of last year. Wheat is selling lower in Vienna than in New York.——It is officially denied that the Northwestern railway company contemplates building a line to Kansas City.——One hundred and forty Prussians, who have just been expelled from Warsaw, were marched out of the city chained together, the women following the men.——English capitalists will build a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's bay if it can be done for $25,000 per mile. Engineers are now making surveys and estimates.——The Iowa prohibitionists will meet at Cedar Rapids on September 23 to nominate a candidate for governor. — Judge George W. McIlvane, of the Ohio Supreme bench, has declined the Republican nomination for a re-election on account of ill-health, and the state committee will fill the vacancy on the ticket.——At Oshkosh, Wis., eleven persons attempted to cross the river in a boat. The craft capsized and four women and two men were drowned.——An agreement is said to have been reached between representatives of the United States and Spanish governments as to the terms of a new commercial treaty, which will provide for reforms in the Cuban customs laws and the settlement of the claims of American citizens against Spain growing out of the insurrections in Cuba.——It is now thought that if Mrs. Grant gets $50,000 from sales of Gen. Grant's book she will be doing well. The explanation of this reduction in the estimate is simple. All sorts of cheap publishing concerns are getting out "Lives of Grant," and these are palmed off, in many instances, as the book written by the great soldier himself. The sharks of the publishing business are at present engaged in robbing a widow.——The steamship Hanoverian, of the Allan line, which sailed from Baltimore for Liverpool on the 25th ultimo, ran ashore on the coast of Newfoundland, and is a total loss. The crew and passengers were saved.——The net earnings of the New York, Lake Erie & Western railroad for the fiscal year ended July 31 were $400,016 less than for the preceding fiscal year.——All Russian and Austrian Poles have been ordered to quit Dantzig before October 1, except settlers prior to 1843, temporary sojourners, and those who have served, or whose sons have served, in the German army.——Trains on the New York elevated roads are to be run by electricity. A trial trip has been made on the Ninth avenue line with an electric motor, the experiment proving a complete success.——A stock company, with $3,000 capital, has been organized at Massillon, O., to drill for natural gas.——It is not believed at Washington that Postmaster-General Vilas is to retire from the cabinet to become minister to Austria.——Col. Fred Grant says the incident of Jeff Davis' attempt to

Correspondence.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

A Kansan's Thoughtful Views—Foreign and Inter-State Immigration in the Settlement of the West—Reasons Why Foreign Immigration Should be Discontinued—Sen. Plumb's Prediction—A Different Policy of the Government Towards the Laboring Classes Demanded.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

It has been apparent for some time that the conditions under which we have been receiving a vast volume of immigration from Europe, annually, for many years were changing, and, while it has been hitherto a common benefit, both to the immigrant and the country (while the latter was in an undeveloped condition) it is no longer so to either party. The United States has always encouraged foreign immigration, but the time has now come when it is no longer desirable to either party. It is of no advantage to us now to have dumped on our shores shiploads of foreigners whose chief object in coming here is to find a home and obtain a living, which they cannot do in their own country, and it is proper that the masses of the population of Europe should be informed of the fact that a voyage here of persons without funds, on some special adaptation to the country, would be burdensome to us rather than a benefit, and equally injurious to themselves for the reason that in the Eastern states the struggle for existence by the laboring classes is already becoming keen, and at the West the outlook for the ill-equipped farmer is not encouraging.

Immigration to this country from Europe is becoming a thing of the past. These Western states and territories are not the same fields that they were ten or fifteen years ago. Within the next decade Sen. Plumb predicts that "immigration, instead of coming from the East to the West, will be returning from the West to the East, and that the young men of New England, born in sight of the sea, instead of following the example of their fathers in seeking investment of ambition and capacity and skill, in the West, will find their chance upon the sea or in foreign countries, where they can better realize their ambition for fortune than upon American soil."

The senator goes on to say further, that "there never has been such progress in a material way in the history of the human kind as has been witnessed during the past quarter century, and, with it all, there has been a great and phenomenal prosperity. When the war closed nearly 3,000,000 of men who were then in the armies on both sides were discharged and returned to civil life. Going out from the plow, the shop and from the highways and by-ways of life, as it was before the war, they became actors in a broad amphitheater; their horizon had widened and their independence, force of character and self-reliance had increased, and when they turned their backs upon the theater of adventure, that restless ambition which provoked discontent with the quiet and even currents of life in old and staid communities and specially fitted them for frontier work, subduing the virgin soil and building up new empires. What more natural than that a large proportion of these impatient, strong, self-reliant men should go to the new West? It was the greatest and most significant legend ever known in modern times. Kansas and Nebraska had but a fringe of settlement upon their eastern borders; Dakota was uninhabited; Colorado consisted of but a handful of miners in her northern gulches; New Mexico had no white population; Montana, Idaho and Washington territories were scarcely inhabited, and Texas was yet a wilderness, but between the years of 1865 and 1875, and the year 1880, the states and territories west of the Mississippi river doubled and quadrupled their population and then quadrupled it over again.

Now, in estimating the growth of the United States, in population, at the rate it has been increasing for the past quarter century, by the time of the opening of the next century, in a decade and a half hence, the country will contain a hundred million people, one-fourth of which, or 25,000,000, will belong to the laboring classes, and estimating our prosperity also by that of the past quarter century we shall then be the most powerful nation on the globe, and our resources, of every description, will be great, far beyond any computation that can now be made; but that prosperity is already forthcoming to a certain extent, I need scarcely state. Our manufacturing interests, no longer finding a ready and remunerative sale for their merchandise, are closing up their factories, mills, and work-shops, throwing thousands and hundreds of thousands of their laboring classes out of employment, most of whom being without resources to provide for themselves in the interim, are reduced to want, and, when starving for bread, unless supplied by the gratuitous contributions of the capitalists of the country, which is a matter too uncertain of continuance for any length of time to be relied upon, they will be left in the end to starvation, or making reprisals upon the property of the country to supply their wants, and if to this unfavorable outlook for the future should be added a failure of crops, or even a short crop, it would bring on the most difficult problems for us to solve that we have ever had to consider, and hasten the consideration of the following propositions, viz:

First—Shall we abandon the policy that we have pursued, ever since the organization of the government, of admitting foreigners to come here who have not ample means for supporting themselves and families?

Second—Shall we enter upon some new career, not hitherto contemplated, which may promise to be more successful than the occupations in which we are now employed?

Third—Shall we provide new fields of labor, and new sources of agricultural and other production, to enable the laboring and dependent masses to meet emergencies which may arise upon them, by placing them upon our public and unoccupied lands, on a plan similar to that by which England settled Georgia with her laboring and dependent classes under the agency of Oglethorpe?

If this latter proposition, or any of them, should appear to have any merit, why would it not be well to consider them now, rather than to wait till they are forced upon us as the subject of the abolition of slavery was?

We have had problems heretofore, both of a social and political character, forced upon us which we have not had the genius to solve, and clear obstacles to meet that we have not had the courage to remove, and we have also been engaged in controversies from which we have not come out triumphant. It is not necessary for me to state them; the readers of the BLADE know what they are, some of them, at least. Let us not be caught napping on this one. Unless the class on the upper shelf of society settle it by providing a proper provision for our laboring and dependent classes, the class on the lower shelf of society will do it. It is a question that will force its way to the fore-front, and all other questions, and, in its own way and time, whether we are willing or not. The only method now of settling the demands of the laboring classes is cannon balls. Shall it be left to that in the end by the capitalists of this country, instead of their providing for it now while they may?

Sen. Ingalls, of this state, made this the subject of an eloquent and powerful oration to the people of Atchison on the 4th inst., entirely extemporaneous, and two hours and a half in length, and of which I have nothing but the highest encomiums, but, as I was not present to hear it, and as it has not been printed, I cannot send the BLADE a synopsis of it, which I would otherwise most cheerfully have done.

J. B. MANSFIELD.

Effingham, Kan.

The Power of the Blade as a Factor for Prohibition.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have been thus far silent, yet not an apathetic subscriber and reader of your inestimable paper—not superexcellent on account of its partisan allegiance and leading notions, but for its unselfish, fearless and aggressive attitude towards the universal, propagating evil of the bulk of all other evils, the liquor traffic and its manufacture. I am unable to portray to you in adequate terms the keen and all-absorbing pleasure that I experienced on the receipt of the first number of the BLADE and the discovery of its revolutionized and advanced position in support of the great reform work that is engaging the attention and winning the expenditure of money, time and labor of the most influential and intelligent portion of the people, the country over. It is indeed refreshing and exhilarating to think that a paper of the BLADE'S magnitude and popularity has been won over from the ranks of alcoholic greed, filth and general corruption, and lifted to an eminence that makes it the most refulgent, the most delightful and inviting beacon star in the whole galaxy of American journals.

Its independence and reckless indifference to opposition and possible pecuniary loss is so much in contrast with most of its cowardly contemporary fraternity, especially of the local country order, that one is led to anxiously and curiously inquire as to what happened to effect such a brilliant, healthy metamorphosis in sentiment. It is very evident, if its own editorial statement is correct, that Toledo, with her half dozen wholesale establishments and nearly as many breweries, with a support and skirmish line of 800 beer and dram shops has furnished but little or no inspiration, and can claim no credit for its new era birth. I must candidly admit, however, the probability of there being a large class of first-class, excellent people in Toledo, who are not insensible to the urgent need of active operations against this, of which they have their full, and seems to me, over-abundant share, and if they viewed this evil with the unqualified aversion of a great many, it is indeed a wonder how they have tolerated such to such a full flaunt growth.

Let this be as it may, the BLADE has taken an admirable stand, which must prove very encouraging and stimulating to our temperance organizations and advocates of sobriety, law and order generally, and what more striking evidence do they need of the progress of their cause. It is going to be a powerful auxiliary, owing to its leading, wide-circulating status, and I am sanguine in my belief that in point of influence it will exceed the lecture bureau, the rostrum and the pulpit, for its intelligence and instruction upon almost every topic is so lucid and elaborate that no one who reads it can become otherwise than well informed, and another thing that makes it more effective than rostrum work, is the fact that it is introduced and ushered right into the midst of the family circle, where it can be read and pondered at leisure, which is an impossibility with lecture discourses, for the effect upon the minds of the audience is about as transient as the visit of the speaker, however important and interesting his or her theme.

I don't wish to detract from the reputation and credit of Gough, Murphy, Willard and others, for they have done a prodigious work in educating the people to the extent that they have, and in the enlightening of an army that has made the powers behind the saloon bar and around the still tub tremble, but it is my honest opinion that the BLADE will do ten times as much good as they and all others combined can possibly do, and that too, much cheaper for the people, for a lecture is a dear luxury as a rule. Our temperance societies have their organs devoted almost exclusively to temperance, and the best means and feasible plans of operation, but the great trouble is, there are millions who know nothing about them, and would not know where to seek them if they desired them ever so much, and right here is where the superiority of such a paper as the BLADE comes in, to redound a blessing to, and perhaps be the salvation of a large portion of this unfortunate people; for its circulation ramifies almost every part of the Union.

Then, again, one can not estimate the power of such a paper very lightly, when aware of the fact that the press of this country is getting to be the educator of the masses, and really it does seem to me sometimes, that the popular portion of them exercise almost a monopoly in the party affairs, where many men, with like views and proclivities, and often too much so for their own good, for they fail to study and investigate for themselves, and consequently are easily duped and imposed upon. But no one can gainsay the oft-demonstrated fact that they are a factor for good in the detection and exposure of crime, vice and roguery in every department of the social and business world.

Therefore in view of all this how significant a paper can make itself in a conflict that determines the destiny of thousands, and settles the disputed problem, whether human life has any intrinsic value or not. Those soulless incarnations of greed and brutality behind the saloon bars, tell us that health, happiness and longevity are nothing in the balance against money. "What do we care," they learnedly say, "how much our weak, deluded victims suffer if we can only revel in sensual and luxurious ease! We have wealth, and richly provided homes, accumulated and purchased at the expense and ruin of millions, but that is no concern of ours, and we challenge our opponents to make it so if they can. We are organized for protection, and our dupes and victims constitute our main strength, for they handle the ballots of our own framing, to elect lawmakers and others, who will work for, and protect and perpetuate our system and interest."

Now the restraining and repression of this nefarious business has been a problem for over half a century, with the humane forces of the people, and though they have brought a great amount of skill to bear upon it, yet they are to-day very short of a solution, still the outlook is more hopeful than ever before. This class of conservators of everything necessary to a high, enlightened state of existence, are constantly increasing their energies, and acquiring wisdom from experience, and by rapid accessions to their forces, may diminish the world in time, by effecting the destruction of a cause, tenfold more heinous than African slavery ever was. I for one fervently hope so, and as regards the BLADE, it has acted nobly, and may it ever be found with a keen, double edge cutting deep to the quick and vitality of the enemy.

L. V. VERNET.

La Porte, Ind.

Why Do Husbands Drink?

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In an article on "Pulverize the Rum Power," you quote from a letter received from Iowa from a woman and a mother of seven children, you say the father drinks. For 40 years I have lived in the United States and have seen parts of many states in our glorious Union, and some in this city, and have met and formed many opinions of various women. There is no doubt that men love women. Many men love them as dearly as they do their own lives, and when a man becomes a husband and father if he is a true man his whole life, its efforts, its aims, its joy, its sorrow is intermingled with theirs. Woman's influence is perhaps greater than many of us think. It has been said by one that they rule the world. One woman writes: "Men may talk as they please, but woman holds the key to man's success." She can make her husband for "weal or woe," and many times I fear it is for woe. No true husband and father will become a drunkard if he has the right kind of a wife; (barring the statement of a recent decision of a Michigan judge,) who said in his decision in a divorce suit, on account of drunkenness, that a "woman that married a man, when she knew he drank liquor, ought to be compelled to live with him all her life." These burning words ought to be constantly before the maidens of our land. I do not wish to take sides with rum. I voted for the second amendment in Ohio, when it was last submitted to the people of the state for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor, but I will state something regarding woman's influence.

I have known women whom never for a day cease teasing their husbands for more money, when they were only in moderate circumstances. A man on a small salary cannot drop his wife a ten dollar bill at every dinner table. I have known a family for over ten years, the wife and mother of which, so far as I know has never spent 24 hours with her husband but that she was fault-finding. That husband became an absentee for more than half the time, away from home traveling in business such as he could find. He did not drink, never drank any strong drink in his life, but by his absence his only living son was allowed to roam the streets as a loafer. That boy has been in the jail of this city, and to-day is uneducated, unskilled as a mechanic or business man. Another case I know of, a wife and mother was such a scold that her husband could not endure his home, and he, too, became a traveling man and passed his time away from home, but never drank. At his death his wife's remorse was great. She saw that her own tongue caused his absence, and that woman applied to me for poison, I being a druggist. I refused to let her have it. That same day she called upon me again and told me I had judged her correctly. She said, "I intended to take the strychnine, sprinkle it as salt upon the beefsteak for breakfast, and poison and kill my four children and myself." After that her remorse was so great that she attempted her own destruction by cutting her throat. She was sent to the insane asylum at Jacksonville, Ill. She was not insane—never was. She was simply "possessed of the devil."

Another case was a young merchant, worth probably $20,000, when he married; he had drank some before marriage. He married an Ohio girl. They lived happily for a few years, but after a while his wife appeared to think more of and pay more attention to others than she did to her kind husband. He drank, and in a few short years he died in a barn of delirium tremens. A better husband, kinder father, better business man, could hardly be found. He was highly educated, being the son of a clergyman of Hartford, Conn.

I know of a case in this city where a man of unusually bright intellect and good business tact, is now separated from his wife. His wife was always complaining and fault finding. He commenced to drink. He seldom got a good meal at home, and a man has a hard time living without food. She was too indifferent to his wants to make him a home, too stingy to cook for him, and now he is separated from his home, a partial if not a total wreck.

I might go on and give many more instances of the kind, but we see those wrecks all over this land, but it is not difficult to learn the causes.

I claim that nine-tenths of married men that drink are almost without homes. Married but have no wife. If this article will cause one wife, one mother, to stop and examine herself and her treatment to her own husband who loves her as dearly as he does his own life, it may be the means of saving a husband, a father from a miserable existence here, and bring him to a blessed future in the world to come. OBSERVER.

Woman's Influence in the Rum Business.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Will you permit a woman to add her views on this all important question, to those so earnestly set forth by yourself and the many others interested in the welfare of this great human family?

What curse has the same baneful influence over mankind as the poisonous drink dealt out on all sides? The same result is felt from pole to pole and from sun to sun. We might ask, what can women expect to accomplish as long as men (?) will manufacture it?

We can have no voice in framing the laws that control it, and as a general thing we are the greatest sufferers, so it behooves us to put forth every effort and exert our influence in other ways. There are many noble women who devote their time, yes, their lives to this cause, and their efforts are blessed with much good. Every woman can't take the rostrum as a reclaimer, and many men cannot be reached or influenced by their speeches or appeals. All are not constituted alike and the course we can pursue with one will have no effect on another.

It is this class, we, as wives, mothers and sisters can influence. How many men that drink occasionally, and even confirmed topers that can never be induced to go to a hall to listen to a temperance lecture. Now, what shall we do with this class? Let them go on till the lowest depth of intemperate degradation has been reached?

Not by any means.

There is no man living, I belive, but has a tender chord in his heart. It may have lain dormant for years. His actions may have been such as to almost convince you differently, but beneath those tattered garments the heart still remains.

Assure such a person you are his friend and and when you speak to him of his condition ten chances to one you will see his eyes fill with tears and he will leave you with at least a desire if not a resolve to do better. It may not last past the next saloon, but keep on. The world was not made in one day. We do not know the temptations that beset them nor their weakness in resisting them.

When a husband comes home the wife sees the tottering step and perhaps knows the house rent can't be paid, children must go half-fed and half-clothed, and it is natural she should forget all the firmer feelings she would have for a *sober* husband, but, my dear sisters, remember it is easier to coax a man than to drive him. A few kind words will do more good than a whole sermon scolded at him. Have the meal prepared the best you can, meet him pleasantly—slip your arms around his neck—choke back the tears and tell him you are glad he has come. This may seem almost impossible, but you can do it, and remember "love will conquer when armies fail."

There are many men that take a drink whenever the least thing goes wrong. A wife will find fault, and off he goes to the saloon. The children are noisy, and he imagines he cannot enjoy himself anywhere but where his noisy comrades are; but don't let him go. There are a thousand and one ways for a wife to keep a husband at home—but not by scolding. You may disagree with me in this treatment, but in your calmer judgment you know it is the best way.

We pass along the street and see a man staggering, and our first thought is to cross to the other side. Would it not be better to pass him and pleasantly say, "Good morning?" You will exclaim, "What a dreadful thing to do!" But it is these little acts of kindness that reaches the heart of these forlorn creatures. The souls of these men are the same in the eyes of our Maker as yours or mine. HELEN M. PEIRCE.

East Portland, Oregon.

A Southern Republican's Review of the Democratic Party.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Perhaps a review of the Democratic party by a Southern Republican may not be uninteresting to a number of your thousands of readers. Southern politicians, it is well known, are the head and body of the Democratic party, Northern Democrats the tail, which is wagged in whatever direction the former portion of the body of the animal may choose to give it. Every Northern man who travels through the South, although he may be as blind as a Northern Democrat, can see without the aid of glasses that the South is 100 years behind the age in her agriculture and everything else that makes a nation great and prosperous. Of course Southern politicians form their notion of politics from their surroundings, and if the surroundings are 100 years behind the age in which we live, does it not naturally follow that its policy should lay in the same proportion? The Democratic party opposed a national bank, flooded the country with shinplasters and wild-cat bank notes, brought on a war with Mexico which cost the United States millions of money, and instead of letting the public lands belong to the government, as in the other states, every foot of the public lands within the boundaries of Texas fell into the hands of Texas.

The Democratic party opposed Henry Clay's system of American manufactures, opposed every improvement that makes a country great and glorious. Instead of catching the spirit of the improvement of the North, with the help of Northern Democrats they sought and still seek to roll back the wheels of progress, they made of the earth a sea of blood, cost the country thousands of lives and billions of dollars, thus taxing the labor of the country to its utmost tension. The policy of the South has been and still is to keep up class distinction by having the governing class well educated and keeping the masses in ignorance. Alabama gave the pupils attending the state university $44 per scholar, and those attending the common schools 91 cents. It was this view that led one of Alabama's senators to oppose iron manufactures in the South, giving as a reason that it would raise the price of labor on the cotton plantations, and led him to oppose the Blair educational bill, lest the masses should learn their rights and have the courage to maintain them. In other words, they do not want them to know any more than the average Northern Democrat, to whose noses our Southern politicians know they have the rings, and can lead them at will into any pasture they please, that has "Democracy" printed on the sign-board.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

The Cause in Kansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have been subscribers for the BLADE for many years, and value it highly, for reasons "too numerous to mention." One of the chief reasons is its stand on the temperance question. My husband and I have always been radical temperance workers, and have aimed to be in practice consistent with our theory. It has come about, however, that here in Kansas, those who have been foremost in committing the Republican party to prohibition; those who have constantly demanded of that party the most advanced action, and have had the pleasure of seeing their demands heeded, in the passage of the best temperance law ever enacted; that now, because they still have faith in the Republican party—in Kansas at least—and feel that the formation of a third or prohibition party is unnecessary, are, by many of the extreme ones, deemed false to their principles. Of course, absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic is the ultimate aim of all temperance workers, but how to obtain this prize is where the champions differ. For this reason we welcome the BLADE as a strong weapon, striking at the right in the manner which we believe to be the best. MRS. R. C. CHASE.

Hiawatha, Kan.

Hay Fever Sanitariums.

Pensacola, Florida:

About eight years ago I moved from Ohio to Pensacola, Fla., on account of being afflicted with asthma of the hay fever type. The change proved very beneficial to me, but when I return to Ohio the difficulty is felt coming again. I have spent some time in the mountains of East Tennessee the present summer, but find that Florida suits me best. It seems quite as hot there as at Pensacola in midsummer except on the mountain tops. These Southern mountains are fine for fruit, but the market is very poor. Stock does well, but a summer drouth from June to September is the rule.

Cleveland, Tenn.:

saw in your last issue an article from a hay fever victim, wanting some ex-soldier to give him some advice in regard to locality. Now I am not an ex-soldier, neither am I an ex-Republican, because I was born a Republican, and am one still. There are plenty of ex-soldiers here, and then have a G. A. R. post at Cleveland. We gave last fall 486 Republican majority in Bradley county. My advice to him would be to come down to Tennessee and look for himself, as no two men think alike. Land is very cheap here, compared with Indiana or any other Northern states, and the climate is far better. If he wants a fruit farm, there are plenty of them in state of nature that can be had from $1 to $5 per acre, and stock farms from $8 to $25 per acre.

More Twins.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I was interested in the BLADE'S account of twins. I have a brother and sister that are twins. They were born in Moreland township, Lycoming county, Pa., on February 2, 1846. Their names are Robert Colborn and Edith Taylor. They are still living and in good health. The latter married a twin and had twin boys, (still-born) similar to the Siamese twins—grown together from their hips to their shoulders. When they came into the world their arms were around each other's necks. They were fully grown and weighed 20 pounds. Dr. Parks, the family physician, offered $50 for them but their father refused to sell his own flesh and blood. J. C.

What They Think of the Blade.

Robert Thompson, St. Marys, Mo.:

I have been reading the BLADE for the past seven months, and find it the most welcome and valuable paper that I have ever read. I admire its bold fight upon prohibition, for it is every moral and conscientious man's duty to help to squash the mighty evil. May the BLADE continue in its good work, and reap a glorious harvest.

E. R. McConnell, Clinton N. Y.:

The longer I take the BLADE the more it gains in favor in my estimation. Every one here to whom I have given a copy speaks very highly of it. We are all in the hop culture here, and expect to be picking soon. Many talk of plowing up their yards, and I sincerely hope they all will, for it is a curse to the country. When we get through, and if I have time, I will write you something concerning hop picking in New York, and the way many carry it on.

Prohibition in Ohio.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your issue of August 27, I noticed an article from E. T. Byran, Jewell City, Kan., signing himself a "Non-partisan Prohibitionist." He says, "I am not a third party man in politics. I believe that the greatest good to the temperance question can be wrought out in the Republican party," Nine-tenths of the people who will cast their votes for the Prohibition candidate this fall are Republicans. Two years ago I was visiting in Ohio during the election, and I know that the Prohibition element headed Judge Foraker for governor. I am a life-long Republican and I would to God that the manufacture of intoxicating liquors were prohibited by law; but this object cannot be accomplished by aiding the party in power. Republicans of Ohio, Prohibitionists, your duty is plain. If you cannot kill the demon rum, kill your next worst enemy—the Democratic party.

Andrews, Ind. J. H. FORBES.

The Blade Sewing Machine.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Let me say to you that when a member of the order of Patrons of Husbandry comes across an article like the one in a recent issue of the BLADE headed "A Domestic Revolution," you may rest assured that it will meet his most hearty approval, and not his only but other members of the order and farmers all over the country will rejoice at the success of the enterprise. I say the movement put on foot by the BLADE is a grand one and will meet a long felt want among the poorer classes of people.

Kokomo, Ind. ONE OF THE ORDER.

Another Young Giant.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In the issue of the BLADE of August 27, I notice an account of a boy in Wellington, Kan., who at the age of 13 years, weighed 185 pounds. I have a boy who, at the age of 13 years, weighed 305½ pounds. Who can beat *him?* JOHN A. YECKLEY.

Gorham, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have just read the account from Wellington, Kan., of a youthful giant being 13 years old and weighing 185 pounds. He is 15, or was on April 25 last, and weighs 290 pounds. You may doubt this, but the facts can be established by many witnesses.

Georgetown, Ind. ISAAC R. KELLER.

The Blade's Plan.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

As a Republican, I most heartily favor your method of obtaining prohibition. It is the only feasible way in this state. I hope that all prohibitionists of all opinions and all parties will unite upon that plan in the election of a legislature, in 1886, in this state, and I intend to do some work in this county, Vermilion, to accomplish that end. We unit organize and agitate. Every one of the BLADE'S grand and effected editorials on Pulverizing the Rum Power, strikes the alcoholic demon in a tender place and contributes to his overthrow, which is sure to come. DR. ALEX. POLLOCK.

Danville, Ill.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

No addresses will be given of writers of these letters, and no letters forwarded, for reasons already given.—ED. BLADE.

Hubbell, Nebraska:

Land is worth from $12 to $25 per acre in Central Nebraska and Kansas, according to locality and improvement. To get government land it is necessary to go as far west as Hayes county, Neb., or Sherman county, Kansas. It may be of interest to many who took homesteads in 1879 and 1880 and have proved the same, but have since relinquished their rights, to know that there has been an act of Congress passed in their favor, and that they have not lost their rights to the land and can prove upon the same or sell their right to do so. Many men are scattered throughout the Western states, to whom the information would be of value, but it is not likely to reach many of them through the land offices.

Plumas County, California:

The American valley occupies but a small portion of the county, but the richness of the earth, the salubrity of the climate and convenient means of irrigation, give it many superior advantages. The location of the county seat also adds to its importance. In shape it is nearly a perfect triangle, with the apex pointing toward the south, the base representing the north and the remaining sides enclosing the east and west arms respectively. It was first settled in 1851. For many years its progress was confined to the development of its mining interests, which from the time of the discovery of gold to the year 1853, was indefinite. Late in the spring of 1853 some parties experimented upon a small piece of ground with a view to its adaptability to farming purposes.

The outlook soon attracted a number of prominent settlers, and from that time until the present the attention was directed in the main to to agriculture and stock raising. Many years ago a wealthy capitalist from San Francisco invested over $1,000,000 in the pursuance of various schemes originated for testing the mineral wealth of this valley. The result was a failure, only proving that science, however well authenticated its bearings may be, is of no value in theorizing about the location of gold. On the southern side of the west arm of the valley is situated the town of Quincy, the county seat of Plumas county. It was founded about 1853, and for ten years its advancement varied with the rise and fall of the mines. Since that time it has continued to improve slowly but surely, till at the present writing its population can be safely counted at 500.

Hot Springs county, Arkansas:

In Hot Springs county we have upland and creek and river bottoms but no prairie. Forest growth on the uplands is mainly pine and oak; on the bottoms oak, hickory, gum, black walnut, box elder, poplar, holly, etc. The bottom lands are best for corn, oats, cotton, wheat, etc., and the uplands for fruits, vegetables and peanuts. Peach trees do not winterkill here, and the raising of peaches to ship to Northern markets to dry and can promises to pay better than oranges in Florida. Plums, pears and berries promise to be profitable; huckleberries and blackberries grow wild. The new settlers here are from nearly every state north and east of us; a few Irishmen, but not many, and some negroes and mulattoes, mainly in the villages and at the sawmills. The darkies are gregarious. Like the Chinese, they like to keep near together in flocks. Schools and churches are about what they generally are in such localities. Some good schools in the villages, in the country not so good. We have a very good free school system in Arkansas, and good teachers are well paid. We need more of them. We have preaching in nearly every school district, mainly by the Methodists. We have strict Sunday laws; $50 fine for carrying concealed weapons. Some of the Northern people here are making lumber, some are employed on the railroads, and some have begun to grow fruit. The Southerners raise cotton mainly for a money crop. Dairying ought to pay well; butter and milk are scarce and dear. Sheep raising ought to pay. Several kinds of grass do well, especially on low ground. Among the varieties grown are red top, Texas blue grass, orchard grass, red clover, etc. On a farm supplied with plenty of spring water and grass, a few cows would pay well. Lumber, fuel and fencing are plenty and cheap.

Labette county, Kan.:

Labette county is situated in the southeastern part of Kansas, its southern boundary being the Indian territory, eastern boundary Cherokee county, the southeastern county of Kansas, its western boundary Montgomery county, and its northern boundary Neosho county. It is about 140 miles from Topeka, the capital of the state, and the same distance from Kansas City.

The Missouri Pacific railroad traverses the county north and south, the Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Gulf railroad from northeast to southwest, and the St. Louis & San Francisco from east to west, giving the advantage of good markets in all direction.

Nearly the whole county is undulating, there being but little rough land, and very little flat land. Statistical tables gives its divisions as follows: Bottom land 20 per cent., upland 80 per cent.; timber 10 per cent., prairie 90 per cent. Bottom lands are considered the richest, but the evidences of thrift and prosperity are most numerous on the uplands. The soil is mainly a black limestone. Red limestone and gray loam are also very productive for wheat, corn, oats, rye, castor beans, millet, and all kinds of vegetables. This is a well watered county. The Neosho river is the principal stream running north and south along the east line of the county, with Labatte, Hackberry, Deer Creek, Turkey and Snow and Pumpkin creeks, all having fine bottom lands along their valleys. Timber belts are found along these streams sufficient to supply the county with timber for building purposes and fuel, wood being sold from $2.50 to $4 per cord. There is probably no climate in the world that has so many fair days during the year free from fog and dampness. Plenty of rain falls during each season to mature the immense crops of grain, fruit and vegetables that the exhibitions at the World's Fair failed to surpass.

This county is free from swamps and marshes and has a continual breeze, sometimes strong, generally light and invigorating. The malarial disorders of the early days of Kansas, caused by bringing into cultivation the rich soil, rank with vegetation, have now passed away, and the services of physicians are seldom needed.

This is the paradise of fruits, and all kinds are grown in luxuriant perfection. Stock raising is a profitable business, owing to the short winters and abundance of pasture. Markets are splendid. Schools and churches are nearly equal to the Eastern churches. Society is as good and refined as in many of the Eastern states. Oswego, the county seat, is located a little east of the center of the county, and is one of the most desirable place in the southwest. It has two railroads and is a city of 5,000 inhabitants, and every branch of industry is represented.

Republic Co., Kan.:

Republic county is one of the Northern tier of counties and lies a little east of the center. It was organized in 1868 and has an area of 720 square miles. In population it ranks the thirtieth county in the state. The town of Bellville, lying nearly in the center of the county, is the county-seat. It has a population of about 800. The general surface is undulating, there being but a small proportion of rough land, 10 per cent. being bottom land. The valley of the Republican river averages about two miles while the creek bottoms averages one mile in width. Timber belts along the streams are narrow, but much attention is given to the cultivation of forest and shade trees, groves on the uplands not being uncommon. A good quality of lime stone abounds in the southern half of the county. It is plentifully supplied with water courses, and there is an abundance of spring and well water at an average depth of thirty feet. Coal underlies the southern portion of the county near the surface, the vein being 15 to 30 inches, and sells at the mines at $2.50 to $3. Parties expecting to come west would do well to look Republic county over before locating elsewhere. Farms can be bought at $10 to $50 per acre, according to improvements. The Republican Valley railroad runs from Junction City to Bellville.

Thayapaha County, Neb.:

No state or territory offers more inducements than Thayapaha county, Neb. Our corn and vegetables cannot be excelled either in quality or quantity. Wheat and oats are also of the very best quality, and those who visited the New Orleans exposition or have visited our county or state fairs can testify. There is plenty of pure, sparkling soft water near the surface, and in the canyons and rivers. The abundance of water and the rich, nutritious wild grass that covers our rich prairies make our county unexcelled as a stock county. But a short time ago our now prosperous and enterprising county was in the undisputed possession of the cow boy, with his vast cattle ranches, but the "onward march of civilization" has sent him and his ranches beyond, and he wants some place to go where his will is law, and where the bothersome settler can not come. All citizens over 21 (and under if married) have the privilege by complying with the laws of the government, and of obtaining three-quarter sections of land, one by preemption, one by timber culture, and one by homestead. A great many come here thinking the possession of so much land is easily acquired, and are sure in the near future that they will be millionaires, but they soon find out that the great undertaking is not so easily accomplished. They take a preemption and timber culture to begin with, but get discouraged with the amount of land and work required, and after a year or two are willing to sell out very cheaply. They still have their homestead right left, and such places can be bought cheaply, and are really cheaper than to take and improve the wild government land. There are plenty of both such chances, and the newcomer can have his choice. We need men of ambition and enterprise, and those that come with a determination to stay, and help build up one of the best states in the Union.

Although you are coming to a new country, do not think you are going to inhabit a wilderness. We have very good society, good schools and churches, and one of the finest grist mills in the state, situated on Spring creek, and if a majority of the the houses are sod there is as much genuine happiness found under their sod roofs as is found in the palatial residences or brown stone fronts of the East. There is room here for thousands and a heartfelt welcome will be extended to all, and if for a few years you have nothing more "poetic" than a sod roof to rest under, be assured the "vine and fig tree" will by perseverance and patience be yours.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

New York Citizen (Dem.)—I have often heard Samuel J. Tilden contend that it would take at least a two-thirds vote of the American people to change the government at Washington, so powerful and controlling was the army of office-holders under the Republican administration. And when it received that the party of "reform and economy" during the last Presidential campaign was "turn the rascals out," in addition to the declaration made by Mr. Hendricks, that all he asked was just one chance to "look at the books," it must be admitted, even by the most conservative of our citizens, that up this hour the administration is not only a disappointment to the office-seekers, but also fails to realize the expectations of the best citizens of both parties.

WATTERSON HEDGES.

Louisville Courier-Journal (Dem.)—The truth is, there is much less of national import in the Ohio campaign than in those of most other states. The condition of politics there are notably and essentially local. Neither Democratic nor Republican success there this fall can possess any appreciable significance as a verdict on the national administration. The sooner both the Democratic and Republican leaders in the state realize that the country understands this, and divest their campaign of all such illegitimate poppycock, the sooner will they be able the better to get at the true issues of their case, and the more effectively to shape the fighting accordingly.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

Washington *National Republican* (Rep.)—The Republican party is not fighting over again the battles of our great civil war, is not disturbing the serenity of its soul about dead issues, is not cherishing or fomenting sectional strife, but it is going to be true to its record, true to itself, true to the cause of human rights. And it will never submit in disgraceful, guilty silence to an infinitely greater wrong than any for which the American people have ever taken up arms against a foreign power.

AFRAID OF ROSY.

Memphis Avalanche (Dem.).—Poor old Gen. Rosecrans is going to try diligently to get off in order to canvass Ohio. If the administration can manage to increase the duties of his office until after the election it will do Hoadly a good turn. The Ohio candidate has himself to carry. To put poor, old, clever, good-hearted Rosy on his back is too much.

FAMILY CATS.

How One Neglected Gentleman Cat Kept House.

It is convenient to forget the family cat, but it doesn't always pay. An Auburn, N. Y., family that has been summering at the seacoast transferred the dog to the country and left him well cared for, but Tabby was not to be seen at the exact hour of departure, and she was forgotten and left either to vegetate or migrate as she preferred. The family has recently come home. The first thing they noticed was a hole in a square of glass in the back shed. It is not known how the hole was made, but probably by some sympathetic neighbor and friend of the cat. The cat had owned the house. The hall lamp was in ruins on the floor, and an expensive bust of Byron that adorned the parlor mantel was found reduced to fragments. There had been a cat fight on the kitchen floor over a greasy bone, and the oilcloth looted like the map of the wanderings of the lost tribes in the desert. A nice hollow lined with cat's hairs had been made in the middle of a lace coverlet on the spare bed, and cat's claws had been sharpened on the best black walnut chambers set bed posts. The cat had evidently held many a party in the shed, for he clothes wringer had been knocked off the shelf and the handle broken. The next the family goes out to rusticate they will board the cat for economy at the De Witt.

The coinage at the various mints during August was $6,539,066.20, of which $3,447,006 was in standard dollars.

THE WIDOW'S PRESENT.

Judge Pennebunker's Short-Lived Pleasure in His Birthday Present.

Judge Pennebunker, of Austin, is an irrascible old man who boards and lodges at the hostelrie of the widow Flapjack. The widow does everything in her power to make the old man happy and contented, although Judge Pennebunker is quite wealthy and really does not need any outside assistance.

The old gentleman used an arm chair with a straight back, which the widow thought was a very uncomfortable chair. She determined to make things more comfortable for him, so on the recent occasion of his birthday she presented him with a new rocking-chair, and a large bouquet.

The old gentleman was very much pleased with the presents. He told the widow that a rocking-chair of that kind was just what he wanted, that he had often sighed for it. He also was delighted with the bouquet.

Seating himself in the chair, old Pennebunker rocked himself backward and forwards energetically, smelling the bouquet and smiling at the widow, who wore a glorified expression of countenance.

"This is fun. I have never felt so comfortable in my life," said the old man.

"I knew you would like the chair," said the widow, "the more you see it the better you will like it. You can lean back and rock yourself so comfortably. I don't know how I could get along without a rocking chair."

"I either," said the old judge, with a beaming smile as he leaned forward, still smelling the flowers. Then he leaned backwards. The chair went back further than the old man expected, and he made a frantic effort to regain his equilibrium, which was slipping away. As he did so, his feet soared up so high that his slippers fell off and hit him on the nose. Then the old gentleman's face assumed an expression similar to that which is observed on the face of a man who sits down on a tack as a preliminary move to picking it up. He made another lunge, throwing the bouquet into the air very much as an obstruction is removed by the cowcatcher or a locomotive.

Then he stood on his head and worked his legs like those of a jumping jack, while the widows eyes hung out like door knobs, with horror. He did not linger in that position very long, for before the widow could rush to his assistance he was pawing around on all fours like an infant, but using language that was not fit for a grown up boy to use. The widow fled in dismay as he seized the chair and chased her a time or two around the room, trying to smite her with it. The widow Flapjack darted out of the door, followed closely by the chair, which pursued her all the way down stairs and almost overtook her before she reached the bottom.

Judge Pennebunker is looking for a new boarding house, and the chair will have to be repaired before it is fit to be used as kindling wood to start the fire with. The bouquet was discovered, in the slop pail. The widow says there is no fool like an old fool.—*Texas Siftings.*

—In many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the whole neighborhood is taking it," etc. Particularly is this true of Lowell, Mass., where it is made, and where more of Hood

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XLV.

The following letter was received some time ago, but the occasion to use it did not arrive until the present. It was not written for publication, but is so concise and expressive, that I give it almost entire:

Miss Emily S. Bouton:

I have read with much interest your recent letters in the Toledo BLADE on "Woman's Work," and recently a new employment for women was brought to my notice, which can undoubtedly be engaged in by many to their own profit. Let me call your attention to it, and if you think it worthy, give it some notice in one of your future letters for the BLADE.

It is grafting and budding. It seems adapted to women for many reasons, especially for weak women, or those to whom an employment keeping them in the open air as much as possible would prove a blessing.

First, it is not laborious. Second, it is quickly learned. Third, it does not require a heavy capital or great outlay for needed tools. Fourth, it is a kind of work which will bring other work. From grafting and budding to pruning and vine dressing is but a step. Fifth, it pays well. Sixth, it brings its own reward and payment in health gained in the open air.

Women are adapted to it because, first, they have the fine sense of touch necessary and their fingers are better adapted for the delicate handling of tools and buds in the budding process; second, they have a better eye for beauty. This is especially needed in pruning and grafting.

3. It is a work closely allied to flower and shrub culture, in which women so delight.
E. E. E., Morning Sun, O.

Our correspondent is right in the idea that this is a most excellent employment for women. It could easily be learned by experimenting at home, after a lesson or two from some one of experience. A very wise thing would be to get some standard work upon fruit-gardening and study carefully the different modes of budding and grafting, finding out what is best for the propagation of different kinds of fruit. The more that is learned of the habits of trees the better, and it is wonderful how much there is of interest when once the study is begun.

The tools required are very simple and inexpensive. A good knife for budding can be bought for 75 cents, while for grafting, the sharp knife and hammer necessary will cost but a few shillings. There is also the grafting clay and wax which will be needed and which you can prepare for yourself.

Most of the work in budding is done in July and August, though in some cases it is accomplished successfully in September. The best time for grafting fruit trees is in the spring, just as they are about to blossom, or while the blooms are still upon the branches.

As may be seen, the season for this kind of work is not long, lasting only a short time in the spring and then again in late summer and fall. By joining pruning with it, however, a person may be kept busy a large part of the year, all of it indeed when out-of-door work would be safe and agreeable for women. This, too, can soon be learned, although it is more difficult than budding and grafting, requiring the exercise of more careful judgment. It may be done at different seasons, according to the kinds of fruit, but the spring, before the the sap begins to rise, or the late autumn after the wood is well ripened, are generally chosen, although winter pruning is not unsuccessful, and for some trees is best. However, these things are learned by careful attention to the business, just as all other training is acquired.

In pruning more attention is paid to the quality of the tools, and a greater number of them is necessary. They are not, however, very numerous, comprising only a good knife, a small saw, a mallet, a chisel and a large saw, all told costing but few dollars.

I have before spoken of fruit gardening in a general way, and shall not enter into it particularly now, but it is an industry that a capable, energetic woman might undertake and carry on profitably. There is hard work counted with it, and a necessity for constant watchfulness and care, but the returns of good seasons line the pockets well.

Laundry work is usually looked upon with a sort of disgust, as something that is not only physically exhausting but under a social ban. "She takes in washing," pronounces a sentence of ostracism, and yet it is an industry that pays well, has no dull season in the year, is good in large or small places, and the returns are immediate. Nor does it require a long course of training, and the work can be done at home. Not long ago I heard a lady say with emphasis, that were she thrown upon her own resources, she should most assuredly take this way of earning her living. Her establishment should turn out the best possible work that could be done. She said she knew from experience that ladies disliked to trust their delicately trimmed garments to the tender mercies of the Chinese laundries, but would rather pay a good price for what they term "a domestic doing up." She would hire good, strong women to do the severe labor while she furnished the brains, for the latter article is a necessity in this as in all other industries.

"I would rather," she said, "a thousand times do this, than to take boarders, or keep lodgers, and I would have more money at the end of the year."

I have no doubt but she is right. Indeed I call to mind now, one who, in this city, once had a home and husband with no necessity of self-support. It is the old story over again, of a sudden widowhood, and no means of keeping the wolf from the door. She must do something, and the time for preparation for what are called the genteel employments was passed. A friend, knowing that she had always prided herself on her nice washing and ironing, advised her to put aside her pride, and make that her business. She was sensible enough to do so, and to-day she owns a pleasant little home which she has paid for in this way, and now she is laying up money against a future when hard work will be no longer possible. She has had dark days—who does not—but as a whole she declares her years of labor to have contained as much sunshine as the average working woman's.

In large cities where there is a good deal of wealth, there is often an opportunity to earn money by devoting the time and talent to some one article which would be likely to be in demand. There is no disguising the fact that any thing which appeals to the stomach has generally precedence over other things or, at least, it has an equal chance with works of art, so if you have no other accomplishment than that of good cooking, you have a power in your hands if you know how to use it. But you must do something a little better than anyone else, have a specialty which will attract and hold the market. I heard the other day of the daughter of a New York journalist who has a natural liking, as well as a natural faculty, for cooking fancy dishes. She experimented with Charlotte Russe, making a new combination, and using fresh cream and eggs. The result was a delicious product. In some way a down-town hotel man heard of them, and found that he could give his guests a new pleasure, for the young woman was willing to sell them. Some others heard of them, and now the young woman is making a deal more money than her father, and she only works three hours a day, with the assistance of her maid.

Of course I do not mean to advise any number of young women to go to work making this delicacy, but mention it simply to show that there is a paying market for the best of almost everything that enters into ordinary living.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Wall Pocket.—A very pretty one can be made in the following manner: Cut out of pasteboard 26 round pieces 2½ inches in diameter. Exactly in the center of each cut a circle ¼ of an inch in diameter. Thread a darning needle with coarse silk of some bright color, and wrap 13 of the pieces of board by passing the needle through the centers. Then wrap the other 13 with some contrasting shade. Or you may use the shaded worsted, which is very effective. Fasten the outer edges of each with a button-hole stitch all around. When all are covered, sew 16 together in the form of a diamond, then take the other 10 and make a half diamond. Place this on the whole diamond, point to point, and sew the edges together. Hang tassels, either of silver, or those made of the same colors as used for covering, all around the lower edges, and it is completed. This is a very pretty present to a friend.

Two weeks ago a notice was inserted in the HOUSEHOLD that the supply of "Fancy Work" was exhausted, but the orders still come, necessitating a good deal of trouble in returning the money. If our friends will wait, a new number will be issued in October containing entirely new patterns, and the orders then will be very welcome.
—ED.

Card Holder.—Get a palm leaf fan, cut it about 2 ins. from the edge all around, except about 2 ins. on each side of the handle. Cut silk on the bias and about 1 in. wide; gather in the center and tack to the edge of the fan and also on the edge nearest the handle, where the fan was cut. Now cut a pasteboard size of fan. Sew the fan and pasteboard together in different places sufficient to keep the cards as you want them. Put a bow or rosette of silk in the center and fasten to the wall.—N. N.

Bedspread.—Not having a mania for buying calico and tearing up to piece with muslin scraps in order to save them, we found in a score of years that the scrap-bag, basket and boxes were overflowing with countless bundles, some of which had turned yellow with age. What were we do with them? Silk quilts were all the rage, but these were not silk pieces. Well we wavered between a crazy table scarf and the rag-bag. Finally we gathered the scraps together, washed and bleached those which were yellow, pressed them all out smoothly, then pieced them together. It required such a small portion of the pieces we concluded to keep adding to make a bed spread, which we did in a short time. Then we bordered it with a straight strip 3 ins. wide after it was hemmed; worked all the seams in varied blanket stitch, with turkey-red floss. When that was complete, we made one set of pillow shams to match; made small squares of the crazy patch for the center of the square pillows, trimmed them, and also the bolster, with red everlasting edging. We have the patent.—KATE GREENWAY AND MOTHER HUBBARD.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treadle stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; d c, short crochet.

Kansan Lace.—Cast on 18 stitches. 1st row—k 4—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 2; 2d row—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 5 (24 stitches); 3d row—k 8—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—k 2 (25 stitches); 4th row—o—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 2 (24 stitches); 5th row—k 8—o—n—k k—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 2 (24 stitches); 6th row—o—n—k 1—sl—o—n—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—o—k 3 (23 stitches); 7th row—k 10—o—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n (26 stitches); 8th row—o—n—k 1—sl—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5 (25 stitches); 9th row—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 1 (25 stitches); 10th row—o—n—k 1—sl—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 2 (18 stitches). Slip means pass the "k 1" over the "n" (or in other words narrow knit one, then pass the last or knitted one over the other.) You who are fond of knitting lace will find this a little ahead of any other I think, as it so closely resembles boughten lace. Do not decide on its beauty after knitting once or twice through, but keep on.

Double Rose Leaf Insertion.—Cast on 37 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o—k 3—o—n—p 1—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—o—n—p 1. 2d row—k 3—o—n—p 6—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 2—o—n—p 1. 3d row—k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—slip 1—n—pass the slip stitch over the narrowed one—p 1—slip 1—n—pass over—o—k 5—o—k 2—o—n—p 1. 4th row—k 3—o—n—p 8—k 1—p 8—k 2—o—n—p 1. 5th row—k 3—o—n—o—3—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—slip 1—n—pass over—o—k 1—n—p—n—k 1—n—k 2—k 2—o—n—p 1. 6th row—k 3—o—n—k 1—[on the first of the "o 2]—p 3—k 1—p 7—k 1—p 3—k 3—o—n—p 1. 7th row—k 3—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 3—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—o—n p 1. 8th row—k 3—o—n—p 5—k 1—p 5—k 1—p 5—k 2—o—n—p 1. Repeat. This also is very lovely.

Handsome collars for children are made by knitting, of two kinds of insertion, strips as long as you wish the width of the collar, sew them together, over and over, alternating the kinds, until enough are sewn to a little more than will reach round the child's neck. Knit a pretty open lace and sew round bottom. Pick up all the stitches on the upper edge on two needles; with a third knit across plain once; then knit back, narrowing about every 5th or 7th stitch. Bind off. Knit some nice narrow lace, ("wheat ear" is very suitable, given in Nov. 29, 1883), and sew on rather full for a little ruffle at the neck. Rose Leaf insertion is handsome for one kind, and Kansan lace for the finish round the lower edge. Doubtless you can find a second kind of insertion in the back numbers of the BLADE. Do not use too solid patterns for collars. One that is a little used to knitting can make an insertion of the "Heart lace" given twice in the BLADE, and it would go nicely with the above for collars. Those made of the same insertion with "Kansan lace" finish on the edge are lovely.—ROTHA.

Correspondence.

SILK CULTURE.—I promised the HOUSEHOLD last summer I would come again and tell how I succeeded with my silk worms this year. Well, to begin with, I sent to the agricultural department in Washington and got about 4,000 eggs, of the French annual variety. They came in an envelope, in a tight box, and I kept them just as they were, packed, until the 21st of April and then the hatched about two days before I knew it, so, consequently, there were a good many dead before I found it out, and then I killed a good many opening the envelope. Well, that didn't discourage me any; as it was, I had as many as my room would hold.

The only expense I was at was $4 for a little stove, and some tacks. I made the frame of lath and trays of old dry goods boxes, and did it all myself. My father made racks about as high as a table all around the room.

I think I raised about 2,000 worms and got two pounds of cocoons. I sent them off about three weeks ago to the Women's Silk Culture association in Philadelphia, but the other day I heard from them and they say the cocoons have not arrived, but I may have better luck next time. They are giving from 70c to 80c and $1.15 per pound. In spite of the discouragements, I'm going into it more extensively next year. If I haven't made any money this time, I've made knowledge of silk culture which will be invaluable next year. I hope this will not find its way into the waste basket, but I could not write anything without writing a good deal on this subject.—SUNNY SOUTH, Washington, Beaufort county, N. C.

ABOUT CHICKENS.—Over a year ago some one asked in the HOUSEHOLD how to save her chickens from the little red chiggers that live on the grass and weeds. I wanted to answer her but I thought I was too old and blind to try to write anything for a paper. I have raised a large number of chickens every year for 28 years. At first I was greatly troubled with the chiggers getting on my chickens off the grass, but after a few years I found that if I would make my chickens run about the barn where the ground was bare, or about old hog pens or cattle sheds when it was grown up with smart weeds, that they would be entirely clear of chiggers.

The chickens can roost in the hen house at night if they can get to the barn without going through grass. I either set my coops in a lot near the barn so the chickens will not have to cross the yard, or else I carry them to the barn every morning and back to the hen house again at night until after they are a week old.

After this they seem to be able to bear the chiggers. I have never known them to get on chickens until after June 1. This year I did not see one until after the middle of the month, as they never seem to hurt a chicken after they are two or three weeks old. All the early chickens are out of the way before they come. Hen-house chiggers can be got rid of by keeping the hen-house clean and burning straw in the coops and nest as long as you can find a chigger. I grease the hens thoroughly; do not leave a spot as large as a pea that is not greased, and you will never see another louse on your chickens. To keep cholera off your place, keep the hen-house clean, the hens free from lice, keep a box of gravel and feed assafœtida twice a week.—MARY ALCORN.

A VOICE FROM COLORADO.—Long live the BLADE and success to the honest work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power." This is a beautiful country with a healthful climate, and Dallas is situated in a beautiful little valley and has two mountain streams. South of us is the grandest range of mountains that eyes ever saw—snow-covered yet, and this is August.

But, after all, what nature has done for us—comfortable, contented people in the East better think long and well before venturing to a new country with families. I have taken the BLADE only a few months and don't see how I ever got along without it. I have raised 100 chickens by following the advice given in the BLADE from week to week. I had thirteen hens to begin with; would set the hens and raise the chicks by hand, and hope to do better next year. I don't think many families have taken the BLADE as we are a little town of seven families and two saloons. I suppose you will wonder how we all live and what we live here for. Well, I will tell you, there is a placer mine here being developed now; another placer mine three miles from this place, otherwise the country is agricultural, and very valuable are some of the ranches. We are 25 miles from the nearest railroad, and fifteen miles from the nearest town, Ouray.—MRS. E. H. TAYLOR.

IRONING AND RUG WEAVING.—It has been impressed upon my mind for a long time, but only that I wanted to write, but that it was really a duty to write. So I will not so much as ask "am I welcome," for I've been a BLADE reader a long while, and am quite sure I have something to say that has never been said since I was a reader.

First, let me answer a couple of inquiries. If the friend who wants a carpet-weaver's reed will write me (address as below), I will tell her where to get one. And I want to say that I fear the perplexed lady who "could iron a shirt-bosom smooth but could not prevent its looking black," has not yet, with all the good advice given, got at the "true inwardness" of her trouble. A word in your ear, friend, for I've been just there myself; *your iron is not hot enough.* Follow almost any of the advice that was given you, and if you know enough to make the bosom smooth it will be sure of a clean, hot flat, you will be all right.

Now as the operation of ironing is really of quite as much importance as is the preparing of the piece for ironing, will the editor kindly have patience for a minute and lay aside her scissors? When ready to iron the bosom put in the bosom-board; now with a clean wet or very damp cloth wipe the bosom down, removing all traces of superfluous starch; make the bosom as straight possible for ironing by smoothing and preparing it with your hands; now lay a clean cloth over (I simply turn the flap up over the bosom) and with an iron of *a good brisk* heat rub carefully over the cloth until by turning up the cloth you perceive that the bosom is damp but not wet. If your iron is right and shirt right once or twice passing over the cloth will bring about this state of matters. Now when you begin to iron the shirt don't make the mistake of pressing hard on your flat until you have ironed it just all but dry—not exactly dry, but nearly so; more especially, don't press on the point or edge of the flat until it's dry enough, else will your starch stick spite of anything you may put into it; in the words of the skilled laundress who told me "just iron right along as if it were dry." But now, the bosom being just dry enough to put the hard pressure (if you want to know how dry let me refer you to the dampness of your stove just before you make the shine come on it, or to your shoes when the polish begins to show) go ahead; use plenty of "elbow grease," get it smooth, then, if you want to polish, dampen just the least little bit by wetting with a wet cloth enough to take off the polish your common iron has made, and use your polishing iron laying on all your strength.

Now don't infer you must use a burning flat; it must simply be a good brisk heat—a heat with plenty of body to it, and my word your shirt won't be black.

I wish I had written before; I want to tell you how to make a really handsome rug, and I've put it off so long that I fear you will not be in time to make one for somebody's Christmas; udless, indeed, our editor should accord this special favor as to publishing, and even then I'm afraid you would have to be extra smart to do it. Take rags, the handsomer colors the handsomer rugs of course; cut them about as wide as from one joint to the next joint of the joint, which is rather over an inch. Take if possible cut them on the bias; mingle your colors as you would for a hit or miss carpet and sew just the same. Now take very strong thread, let it be doubled in the needle so that after the doubling it will be from a yard and a quarter to a yard and a half long (this for convenience of weaver only), then proceed to gather the rags you have sewed, running the needle and thread through the center, lengthwise, of course, gather quite full so that they will not have a chance to slip about on the thread, or else it will make awkward, uneven places. After one thread is full make a large knot in the end, and leave enough thread (don't skimp it) to tie on to another. Prepare all your rags in this way, and you can leave them in these yards long strings, until you take them to your weaver. You may bring them to me you may leave them so, but perhaps the one you take them to will prefer to have them tied together, so that she can wind them on her shuttle before weaving, which is why you must leave thread to tie to, and I believe you must leave space to tie at both ends. You must also prepare a ball of just ordinary carpet rags about an inch wide; no gathering to this ball.

Now go to a rag carpet weaver and tell her how long and how wide you want your mat; tell her she must only put the warp in every other split in her reed, making it just half as thick as for carpet. After she has got her warp prepared and is ready to weave, she must have a shuttle of plain rags and must put in one thread of plain an then one thread of the gathered alternately; weaving just the same as carpet. If done right neither the thread of plain nor the warp is supposed to show, as the gathered fullness of your rag proper, covers them up. The plain is woven to give firmness to the mat, and it is best to have it of dark rags, harmonizing with the rug in color for fear an occasional peep might spoil the effect. Ditto as to warp. Better be anything only white. Have the weaver leave enough warp on each end after done so that you can tie the warp to prevent raveling, as it can not well be hemmed. A nice size is three-quarters of a yard wide and twice as long. You can finish it by putting on fringe on the end; perhaps you may have some that has done duty on dress or curtains long ago. These mats are not to be trimmed and the weaver must beat them up well. Do your work right and let her do the same, and if you have nice bright colors or dark colors with bright pieces here and there all through, I promise you a handsome mat that Tom, Dick and Harry's wives have not all got ahead of you.

One more thing and I fear I'll have to stop; not from lack indeed of something to write, but from fear I won't leave room for anybody else. Don't begrudge the weaver eight times the price of a yard of carpet for weaving any one mat no matter how small. If she should happen to get a dozen mats all to be woven together she might do it a little cheaper, but although the weaving will not trouble her much it is a bother worth paying extra for to prepare and put in so small a piece. So be reasonable. Will any one send me words of the "Dying Numf" Address "N. G.," care of mail carrier Pritchard, Racine, Wis.

Inquiries.

Would like to hear the address of the lady that kept her bees in a dry goods box, or hear her tell all about it.—MRS. SARAH J. DAVIDSON, Xen'a P. O., Sarpy Co., Neb.

Will some reader of the BLADE tell me what will remove warts from children's hands? They are apt to have a few stay on through after years, and they are so unsightly.—Beaverton, Oregon.

This question was answered in last week's issue, and has been before. If there is any new remedy we shall be glad to have it, but we wish that our friends would be careful about repeating questions.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what will make my boy grow? He is now 15, but he is no larger than a 10-year-old boy. He seems to be healthy. Also what will take freckles off from anyone's face?—MRS. M. C. D.

Will some one of the many readers of the BLADE let me know if they could send me the *Century Magazine* since January, 1885? I am both old and poor; the rum sellers have robbed me of nearly every pleasure of life. Reading is one of the comforts left me, if I could buy all the good books and papers; other magazines would be very acceptable. I have been reading the *Century* up to February. Should some one be kind enough to let me know, I will send postage and address. May God bless the efforts of the BLADE to forever crush the rum sellers and the rum.—GRAND MOTHER.

Would you please send me the name and address of the lady in New York who is making lace collars, etc., for children, and please state if you think she would employ any one so far away as I am? I saw it mentioned about her in the BLADE of March 12, in your article on "Woman's Work." Please answer this and oblige.—MRS. R. B., Milan, Sullivan Co., Mo.

The address mentioned cannot be given, nor would the inquirer be likely to obtain employment there which would pay her. She had better try nearer home, St. Louis or Chicago for instance.—ED.

In looking over some of my last year's numbers of the BLADE, I see "Yellow Pansy," Neosha Falls, Kan., offers to send another member of the HOUSEHOLD a sure cure for hay fever. Wish she would send it to me through the BLADE, as I have a friend that is a great sufferer. It comes on to him about the first of August each year, and lasts from four to six weeks. Can find nothing to relieve him.—M. T. B., Footville, Wis.

I would like some one to tell me how to wash and iron lace curtains so they will look like new? Also will some one give directions for tricolored cake?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one who knows, please explain what "loop" in knitting lace, etc., means?—A. C.

Will some one please tell what will cure sore heads on canary birds; also, a cure for diarrhea in female while sitting; also if the eggs will hatch if the female is allowed to bathe while sitting?

Will some sister tell me where I can procure a pair of Virginia red birds (or red birds of any kind) not of the same family, and the probable cost?

Can some one give directions for making double rosebud lace? I saw directions for making it some time ago, but did not learn it then.—CLARISSA.

How shall I take tar or wagon grease from linen and not injure the color?

Give the best way to mend the covers of my earthen jars.

I want a good recipe for cleaning silver ware and a remedy for neuralgia and rheumatism.—MRS. I. P. CROSBY, Ellington, Chautauqua county, N. Y.

What will take freckles off? Will "white lily?" If so, what is it like? Is it a powder?—A NEW READER.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Country Girl" gives the right directions for clearing the house of bedbugs, but I wish to say it is very poisonous, especially to the eyes, and the only remedy is the white of an egg rubbed on the poison.—COUNTRY GIRL NO. 2.

To Mrs. L. P.: Take linseed oil 1 gal., and add gum shellac 2 lbs.; litharge, ½ lb.; red lead, ¼ lb.; umber, 1 oz. Boil slowly two or three hours until the gums are dissolved. Grind your paints in this (any color), and reduce with spirits turpentine. Yellow ochre is best for floor painting. This dries quick and makes the best porch-floor paint I ever used. Try it.—A. G. L, Red Oak Grove, Va.

I see by the Inquiry column that S. D. Anderson wants to know about government land in Nebraska. I send you a few lines about it in the part of the state I live in, which is nearest to the B. & M. R. R. in Western Nebraska: The land office is in McCook, quite a large town, and the division station, East McCook, uses Central time, while West McCook uses Denver or mountain time. It is a good point to start to hunt land from, as there is considerable good land within a few miles that can be obtained under the homestead and pre-emption laws. Timber claims can not be obtained, as they are all taken up. Some might be bought. Corn or anything else will grow, if planted properly. The soil is good and from eighteen inches to five feet deep. Rainfall would average about two a week and plenty of it. Water can be obtained at from 25 to 150 feet, according to the situation of the ground.—H. F. MCG.

If "Homesick" will send me her address, I will send her the ground ivy and money plant she wishes.—MISS SARA C. WILBUR, Littleton, Buchanan county, Iowa.

Cure for asthma: Take a teaspoonful of white mustard seed and put it in whatever hot drink the person uses and let it remain until through eating and drink at least twice a day until better. Keep drinking several months or a year until cured.—P. L. C.

"Mrs. Josephine O. Fenwick," try 1 tablespoonful powdered alum, 2 tablespoonfuls white lead for white powder for stamping black.—PRAIRIE GIRL.

"Grandma" would like a sure cure for chronic diarrhoea. I send one that has been often tried, and never known to fail: if directions were strictly followed: Put a teacupful of logwood chips into a quart of new milk, add a pint of water, and simmer until reduced to a quart strain, and when cold add 4 large tablespoonfuls of cut sugar and ½ a pt. of best port wine, bottle and keep in a cool place. Before commencing with the above, take a tablespoonful of castor oil. After its action, take a wineglassful of the medicine every two hours, and do not stop until cured. A second quart may be needed.—GRANDMA P.

Please say to "School Girl," for her eyes, use salts to bathe them and her face, also take for her blood. I am not quite 50 years old, but can see as well as ever. I am sure it has helped and cured me from granulation.—MARY M BARNES.

I am in a dilemma, and come to you with an appeal to help me to extricate myself. Some weeks ago I appeared among you to inform "M. S." that I would send her a description of "that pretty room" on receipt of her address, etc. Shortly thereafter I received a letter from Oregon, and soon followed one from Washington territory, and another from Dakota, all enclosing a stamp and requesting "that description." I have complied (in one case copying the entire article), but, dear sisters, consider. I am a housekeeper, with like duties and occupations as a great many of yourselves, and I cannot undertake to furnish the above-mentioned description to all new subscribers. None of the letters mentioned were from "M. S.," and if I hear from her will forward the article (condensed) as per promise, but must decline to furnish it to all who may apply. I am sure you will understand that this is not from any unwillingness to oblige.

I wish to thank Emma A. Jackson for her wide lace pattern. I have tried it and found it beautiful.

Will some one send directions for a knitted bed-spread?—MRS. J. H. RUDD, Midland, Midland Co., Mich.

Recipes.

To Put Down Cucumbers.—Take 1 pound of alum, (dissolved in hot water), 2 quarts of salt, 1 gallon of vinegar, 3 pails of water; throw your cucumbers in as you gather them. When the vessel is full, lay a cloth on the top and put on a weight to keep them under pickle. When wanted for use let them stand in cold water twelve or even 24 hours; then put them in strong vinegar and they are soon ready for use. They will keep any length of time, and will always be firm.—L. B. W., Ann Arbor, box 1957.

Old Fashion Crullers.—6 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 12 tablespoonfuls of melted lard. Mix well and fry in hot lard.—Mrs. A. M. W., Waverly, Tenn.

Vinegar Pie.—For three pies; Take 2 cupfuls sugar 1 cupful water, 1 cupful vinegar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, a little butter and nutmeg. Boil all together and bake with two crusts.

Blackberry Syrup.—To every quart of juice add ½ pound of loaf-sugar, 1 large tablespoonful of cloves and 1 of cinnamon (not ground.) Let it simmer an hour and bottle, leaving the spices in. Keep it in a cool place. It improves with age, is excellent for bowel complaints and has the merit of being free from alcohol in any shape.—MRS. G. G. BARBER.

Tomato Salad.—Slice 1 qt. of ripe tomatoes; beat 1 egg very light, add a small pinch of cayenne pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, with an onion chopped fine, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice. Mix in 2 tablespoofuls of sweet oil, pour over the tomatoes and garnish with hard boiled eggs.—MISS L.

To Preserve Eggs.—Rub them over with good butter and pack in salt, small end down. This is the best way there is and it would be perfect only that in time the butter becomes so saturated with salt that it no longer protects the eggs from its action and the old trouble arises, the eggs are hardened by the salt. When a pure covering is discovered for eggs that will entirely resist salt the preservation of eggs will no longer be a problem unsolved. A coating of sweet oil and beeswax, two parts sweet oil to one of beeswax, is highly recommended. Should think it would be good.—EXPERIENCE.

Potato Salad.—Cut a dozen cold boiled potatoes into slices. Put into a salad bowl 4 tablespoonfuls each of salad oil and vinegar, with 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley, 1 small chopped onion, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs mashed. Thoroughly mix and pour over the potatoes; garnish with hard-boiled eggs; season with salt and pepper.—MISS L.

Our Young Folks.

For the Blade Young Folks.

A MISCHIEVOUS MOUSE.

BY WILL REAM.

I am thinking of a house
Where there lives a tiny mouse—
Little sprite—
That is busier at play
And at mischief all the day
Than at night.
Now, you who pretend to know
That this really can't be so—
Though it might—
Should see its funny capers
Nesting in piles of papers
With delight;
Gnawing corners off my books,
And, concealed in little nooks,
Out of sight,
Printing toothmarks, four so cute,
In a peach or other fruit
It can bite.
Can't we catch it? No, indeed,
For it runs with such a speed
In its flight,
That when we try its capture
The act but causes rapture
In the mite.
What can we do, now truly,
With a mouse so unruly,
Yet so bright?
For you've suspected, may-be,
That the mischief is my baby—
And you're right.

For Blade Young Folks.

EDITH'S SACRIFICE.

"It's going to be just magnificent, mamma dear," cried pretty Jennie Maxwell, bounding into the sitting-room where her mother was reading, and flinging down her bundle of books on the lounge. "There's going to be the nicest swings, and croquet and tennis, and a platform all trimmed in flowers for us to stand on, while we sing and recite our pieces."

"Yes it is, for Harold Preston told us about it at noon," joined in her twin sister, Louise, "and I for one am thankful school is over, then we can go to the seaside." Louise tossed back her long blue-black braids of hair, and flung herself into an easy chair with a contented sigh.

Edith made no remark as she entered the room. Her sweet face wore a thoughtful look and the mother saw that she had something on her mind.

"Yes, I have no doubt but what it will be nice," remarked Mrs. Maxwell, "and you deserve it, for you have studied hard this term. Mrs. Knott brought home your dresses this afternoon. They are in my bed room, if you wish to see them." Jennie and Louise gave a scream of delight, and immediately left the room. When they had gone, Edith rose up from her chair and coming over to her mother's side, said: "Mamma, need I go to-morrow unless I wish?"

"No, dear, but you surely would not desire to stay at home, when every one else is going?"

"No, I wouldn't stay at home—I—well—mamma, you know Margery White, who is so sickly all the time, and she was in my class, too."

"Well, dear, what is it?" questioned the mother, caressing the golden head lovingly.

"You know she hasn't many pleasures, and Mrs. White has to work so hard, and I thought—that—as I didn't care to go to the picnic, I would go and spend the day with her, take a basket of dainties and some flowers along and we'll have a nice time together."

"As you like, Edith," was Mrs. Maxwell's response. "I visited Mrs. White yesterday, and she said Margery felt bad because she could not attend the picnic. She looks very pale and ill, but I've no doubt she would be glad to see you. Now run, dear, and see your new dress."

The dress had no attraction for Edith, but she went into the room where the girls were promenading before the long mirror, admiring the effect of their new dresses. "How do they look, Edie?" inquired Jennie, spreading out the folds of her pretty white mull. "Aren't they too sweet and simple for picnic dresses?" "Very," was Edith's brief reply as she flung her white dress over her arm and went upstairs to her little chamber. She did not pause to try it on, hung it up in the wardrobe and closed the door with a snap, thus shutting the dress and all her happy expectations of the picnic from sight.

Then she drew up a chair to the open window and sat down to think. The Greenville academy closed that evening, and on the morrow was to give a grand picnic. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and every boy and girl looked forward to the day with delight.

Edith had also, but she was a girl who wished far more to give pleasure to a person than receive it. She was not one of your-too-good-for-the-world girls, but she always tried to do right and generally succeeded. Of Judge Maxwell's three daughters, Edith was his and the whole household's favorite. She was ever ready to offer her services to those who needed them, and it grieved her to be a disappointment to the girls to say when any work was to be done: "Oh let Edith do it. I have to practice my music," or "I haven't finished this painting yet."

And Edith cheerfully did it.

The picnic day came. The weather was perfect, not a cloud to be seen and a gentle breeze rustled the trees and stirred the flowers in the Maxwell garden, wafting their sweet perfumes in through the open doors and windows of the mansion. At 9 Mrs. Maxwell, Jennie and Louise got in the phaeton and rode away to the picnic grounds, leaving Edith to go when she chose to Margery's.

When the girls learned of Edith's sudden resolve, they merely said, "It's just like her."

Laden with a basket of the most delicious edibles the pantry afforded, several late magazines and a charming bouquet of roses, heliotrope and smilax, Edith set out. She passed down the broad avenue, then entered a quiet, secluded street, and soon stopped at the gate of a low, unpainted house, with a bit of yard in front, and a fine apple tree leaning over the little board fence.

A woman, sad and weary looking, opened the door and asked Edith in with such a kind smile that made her homely features really beautiful. The room Edith entered was unscrupulously clean, furniture consisting of only a rough table, two battered chairs, a bed and one rocker, in which Margery sat. She was a pale, emaciated girl, with dark circles around her large, dark eyes, which lighted up when she saw Edith.

"How glad I am that you have come," she said, holding the bouquet to her face to inhale their fragrance; "and isn't it a perfect day! Why didn't you go to the picnic, Edith?"

"Oh, because I would much rather spend the day with you, Margie."

"How good you are!" Margery exclaimed, with a grateful smile; "and the magazines are just what I want, I haven't had anything to read for a week or more, have I, mother?"

"No," replied her mother, who was bending over the wash-tub; "I am as glad as Margie is that you've come, Miss Edith. Seems as though Margery would pine right away if it wasn't for the sight of your sweet face."

"I would have been down before," said Edith, "but we've been having examinations at school, and I couldn't leave."

Out in Mrs. White's yard, under the great, spreading apple tree, Edith and Margery spent the whole of that day, talking and laughing, till Margery forgot about her troubles and was as much of a girl as ever. At noon they spread a feast from the basket Edith had brought, and Mrs. White came out and lunched with them.

In the afternoon Edith produced her checkers, and that helped the day to pass quickly. When she left in the evening, Mrs. White accompanied her to the gate, and said, while grateful tears filled her eyes:

"Oh, Miss Edith, you don't know how glad I am that you came to-day. Margery just seemed her old self again, and looks ever so much better. But you denied yourself to come here."

"Oh, no, Mrs. White," returned Edith. "I am thankful if I was the means of making her feel better, and now, since school is out, I can come often. Goodnight!"

They parted, and Edith walked rapidly toward home. On the way she saw her father's stately carriage, drawn by two prancing bays, approaching, and signaled for him to stop for her. When comfy seated by his side, and the horses were once more on the trot, Judge Maxwell asked:

"Were you not at the picnic, Edith?"

"No, father; I didn't care to go. I spent the day with Margery White, and we had a nice time. And, father—we have plenty of room at our seaside cottage; why couldn't we take Margery out with us? I am sure it would do her good."

"I see no objection, daughter," returned the judge, as they drew up before their home.

The picnickers had returned, but no one was to be seen save Mrs. Maxwell. Jennie had the headache and was in bed, and Louise, who had not enjoyed herself, for some reason, the whole day, went to bed also, vexed with herself and the world. So Edith had the happiest day.

That was not the last of Margery White. She accompanied them to the seaside, where she recovered her health wonderfully, growing stronger and better every day. The roses came back to the pale cheeks, and she was totally changed in appearance and disposition. When she returned to her mother, so bright and healthy, Mrs. White was overjoyed and sank down on her knees to thank God for having restored her child to health and strength through the agency of one little girl.

TIED TO THE MAST.

BY DAVID KER.

"Tell me a story, papa," chorussed half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"Oh you've heard all my yarns already," answered Capt. Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner and had been warmly welcomed by the captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the firelight playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face.

"I am to tell you a story?" asked the visitor in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: 'There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends and no home except the wet, dirty forecastle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sailcloth trousers, and instead of landing on beautiful islands and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions and answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—Will you please give a complete description of the Plymouth Rock breed of chickens? [The Plymouth Rock is a breed made up, it is said, of various crosses, and was first exhibited in Boston, Mass., in 1860. In the early days of the fowl, they elicited considerable curiosity, some claiming that the Dunghill had a share in the origin. The improved Plymouth Rocks show care and uniform breeding. They grow fast, fledge early and take on flesh rapidly, and combine excellent qualities as egg producers and table fowls. In the work, In "The American Standard of Excellence," the cock and hen are thus described:

THE COCK.—Body color, grayish-white, each feather regularly crossed with bars of blue-black, giving the effect of a bluish tinged plumage; and this color should be the same shade all through the plumage. Head of medium size and carried well up. Beak, yellow, short, stout, regularly curved. Eyes, bay, large, clear and bright. Comb—bright red, single, fine in texture, rather small, perfectly upright and straight, with even and well-defined serrations, and free from side-sprigs. Wattles and Ear-lobes—Wattles, bright red, medium size, and moderately rounded; ear-lobes, bright red and medium in size. Neck—Of medium length, well arched, tapering, with abundant hackle. Back—Broad, of medium length, and with saddle-feathers abundant. Breast and body—Breast, broad, deep and full; breast bone, straight; body, broad, deep full and compact. Wings—Of medium size, and well folded against the body; wing-bows and points well covered by the breast and saddle-feathers. Tail—Comparatively small, with rather short feathers, moderately expanded, and carried moderately upright. Sickle-feathers and tail-coverts well curved. Fluff—Moderately full. Legs and toes—Thighs, large and strong, and well covered with soft feathers. Shanks of medium length, stout in bone, well apart, and yellow in color. Toes, straight and strong, medium length, well spread, and yellow in color.

THE HEN.—Color, same as described under the head of cock. Head of medium size, and carried well up. Beak, yellow, short, stout and nicely curved. Eyes, bay, large, clear and bright. Comb, bright red, single, small, low, erect, perfectly, straight, with small serrations, and free from side-sprigs. Wattles and ear-lobes, wattles of medium size, bright red and well rounded. Ear-lobes, bright red, and of medium size. Neck, medium length, and tapering nicely. Back, broad and of medium length, slightly cushioned from center of back to tail. Breast and body, breast broad, full and deep; breast bone, straight. Body broad, deep, full and compact. Wings medium size, and snugly folded against the body. Tail small, comparatively upright, and rather pointed. Fluff abundant and soft, standing out about the thighs, giving the bird a broad appearance behind. Legs and toes, thighs large and strong, and well covered with fluffy feathers. Shanks of medium length, stout, well apart, yellow in color, and fine of bone. Toes, medium length, well spread and yellow.

LAME SHOULDER.—Can you tell me what will cure my horse. He ran against a post and hurt his shoulder so he is quite lame and has been for some time. There is no marks at all, and I have blistered it and it seems to do no good. An early answer in the BLADE will confer a great favor.—S. C., Forest City, Iowa. [You do not say when your horse was injured. If it occurred some time ago and you gave him no rest, you must now resort to careful treatment or your will have a permanently lamed animal. Perhaps some of the tendons of the shoulder were greatly injured. In this case, absolute rest was necessary. The inflammation should have been reduced by plain cold or quite hot water, whichever would give most relief, or applied this lotion, or some other similar in its action: spirits of camphor, one ounce; vinegar, four ounces; water, one pint. After the inflammation was out of the shoulder, the following should have been applied: Mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, one drachm; oil of tar and linseed oil, each four ounces. You should remember that when lameness is in the shoulder, remedies applied to the joint of the shoulder are effectual. A common mistake is made in applying blisters over the shoulder blade and withers, which only causes pain and often leaves blemishes without doing a bit of good. A blister should only be used when there is persistency in curing, and then this should be well rubbed over the affected part. Your horse cannot be properly treated unless he has rest.

BARBED WIRE FENCES.—In this section of country our people are using and will be compelled to use in the future more generally barbed wire for fencing. Many horses and cattle are seriously injured thereby. Will some person give a recipe for the best salve, lotion or liniment to be used upon animals thus injured. Three essentials seem to be require: A liniment that will keep down inflammation, keep off flies and other insects and also have healing qualities.—X. Y. Z., Ipswich. [The above is an important question, and while the editor can give several different recipes for flesh wounds in horses, he prefers to ask some reader of the BLADE, living where barbed wire fences are largely used, what remedies are usually applied when animals are cut by the wires. The old lotion for flesh wounds applied where barbed wire is but little used is: Sulphate of zinc, 6 drachms; sugar of lead, 1 ounce; water, 1 pint. To be mixed, shaken and applied three times a day, but this may not be just the thing necessary where an animal is cut with barbed wire.—ED.]

CRANBERRIES.—Please inform me what is the proper and best way to ripen cranberries—picked green or partly so?—[The best time to pick cranberries is when they are partly ripe.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

PAINTED ROOVES.—I notice considerable, in different papers, concerning painted rooves. Those painted after the shingles are on will rot sooner than without paint, because the wet will stay in longer, not being able to evaporate through the paint. Suppose it would be rather, but a messy job. Sawed shingles should have but one 3d nail because they hold so much water and swell and shrink so much. In shrinking one nail will split out if two are used.—J. J. BROCKWAY.

A New Variety of Orange.

The so-called "king-orange" was introduced into California from Cochin-China through an American consul. The tree is very thorny, the limbs grow more upright than others, and the fruit is pronounced superior to any ever brought to California. According to an agricultural authority, there is also an orange in Siam called the "king," that is described as having a transparent green skin when ripe, and a pink pulp that can be seen through the skin, and of a most delicate flavor. The fruit is in such high esteem that it is a perquisite of the royal family, and subjects are not allowed to eat it. Any one finding one of these trees growing on his premises is obliged to give notice to an officer at once or be decapitated.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hoof-Bound Horse and the Cause of It.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The blacksmith gets a good many funny natures when asked about the condition of their horses' feet, and no doubt they deserve part of it. I make my smith fit the shoe to the foot, and not the foot to the shoe; but some folks will not remove a shoe as long as it sticks to the foot, and perhaps the horse is standing on plank, and his feet have not been wet or oiled for weeks. The result is, the outside shell of the foot gets thick and hard. Thus the frog of the foot has not got power enough to keep it spread. If you have a shoe that is too small it will hurt your foot, and by cutting it to let it spread, you may wear it. it is the same with a horse's foot. I used to think all that was necessary was to feed the horse and go ahead, but after constant driving on the roads for the last ten years' I find a horse requires some other care.

My cure for a hoof-bound horse is: First get a blacksmith's rasp and rasp the outside shell around the upper part of the foot clear around, until you see the blood coming through. Then make a box, say 18x30 inches, 4 or 5 inches deep. One end of an oil barrel will do. Fill it with water and put all the salt in that it will dissolve, and if it remains in the bottom so much the better. Now stand your horse in this three or four times a day. Be sure to take off his front shoes the first week. If possible, avoid a plank floor for him to stand on. Oil his feet at night two or three times for the first week, and with care I think in one week you will see a change for the better, but don't think that you can cure him in that time. I once saw a man that had a horse all used up, and the horse could have been bought for a small sum. I got him to use the above, and in one week three times the amount of money would not have bought him. Let us hear the result through the BLADE.—A READER.

How to Judge the Clydesdale Horse.

No grander sight need one desire to see than the parade of horses at a Highland agricultural society's show, which may be seen, say, at Glasgow. The massive muscular display, mammoth strength and curved, rounded contour of body, carried gaily along on active, agile extremeties, are enlivened by a facile head and crested neck. The sight, a large enclosure bordered with living movement, is one of the glories of the show. What graceful magnificence! The sight having been feasted on, these huge but active equines, one almost thinks he has lost his vision when coming in at "the tail end" of this show, appears the tiny Shetland pony, made very much on the same method, but in microscopical proportion. These "Shetlers"—how popular they are! how docile, frisky, but faithfull Their shaggy artistic diminutiveness is a great charm. The Clyde lords it over the Shelt, but both have their exclusive usefulness. The two make a happy contrast, and the parade blend humor with seriousness.

As one still sits regarding the circular parade, his thoughts revert to the struggles in the judging ring and now each animal was awarded its proper—sometimes improper—place by the adjuticators. In judging horses, as the bodies are sure to follow the feet in perfection, judge the feet and legs first and foremost before aught else. Well covered body and crest are too much regarded, while clean leg bone, sound feet, and soundness of these parts are not sufficiently considered. But to lay aside the critically special and give a general pronouncement of principles, we cannot do better than quote the following from an article that has recently appeared in a British contemporary.

"It is admitted that much may be learned at show yards when the 'weeding' goes on and the short-legged, thick-set, with I presume that one does not want to be furnished with so minute points as are necessary in show yards, and therefore I shall confine my notes to what are necessary in selecting good farm horses of the Clydesdale breed, either mares, geldings, or entire colts or fillies. Taking the animal as it appears before us, we naturally scrutinize it closely, and make a general survey of it; have it walked out, and then commence to find out what is wanting, and what points should not be there. The head must be clean cut, neat and small; no Roman nose; a bold eye; ears well set on and not too heavy; head well set on to a good, muscular neck, which may be nicely arched, and of a proportionate length to the animal's body; shoulder at a proper angle, avoiding too upright shoulders; wide chest; fore legs should be muscular, with knee joints wide, and strong bone above and below; pasterns nicely arched back from the tip of a good open foot. Avoid thin feet and flat soles. Hair on the legs should be soft and silky, avoiding close, matted hair. A good, level, short back, with the ribs well arched out faom it, avoiding flat rits and narrowness round the heart, and any tendency to lightness of back rib. Hindquarters powerful and short 'coupled' to the back (two great items of strength in a cart horse); tail well set on; thighs powerful, with good, open, clean hocks, flat on the inside; hind feet generally longer and narrower than fore ones. The hind legs should be perpendicular from the cap of the hock to the pastern joint, avoiding 'cow hocks.' A horse should have good action, with complete flexion of the knees and hocks, the latter of which he must keep well under him when moving. Must not waddle or swing in his movements, and when standing naturally must cover a good length of ground in proportion to the length of himself. Avoid horses that stand forward on their fore legs or back on their hind ones. The points to be desired most, and hence must be of most value, are a hardy constitution; good all round action; and good sound feet and legs, well set under a short, compact body; because unless a horse has good feet and legs, it matters little to any one how good a body he may have. In selecting mares for breeding purposes we must look for long, roomy animals. A good few years ago the expression used by a farmer of what might be said to be the old school, when purchasing a horse, struck me as being very suggestive. It was as follows, viz: 'Must have four good feet and legs; short-coupled body; plenty of room to hold its food; and to finish with, must be a "crisp mover." This latter quality should if possible be obtained in all horses, as most readers know what pleasure there is in riding, driving, carting or plowing with a free goer."—*Western Agriculturalist.*

OHIO EXPERIMENT STATION.

Bulletin No. 10—Notes on Strawberries.

The soil on which the following varieties were grown is a heavy clay loam, quite well drained and moderately rich. Ordinary culture was given, and the plants allowed to form matted rows. The season was very favorable, there being no hard frosts when the plants were in bloom, while the rainfall was sufficient:

Sucker State—This is not a new variety, but it is deserving of more extended trial. The plants are vigorous and the foliage healthy. The fruit is very regular in shape and of uniform size, resembling the Cumberland in general appearance, being rather smaller, but much firmer, while the plants are much more productive.

Prince of Berries.—This variety seems to require better than ordinary cultivation. It has given here only moderate crops of medium size berries. The fruit, however, is of excellent quality.

Jersey Queen.—One year old plants gave but little fruit, but two year old plants bore an abundant crop of magnificent berries. Under proper culture this is a profitable variety.

Atlantic.—Has given only moderately good crops. It seems not to have sufficient merit to be retained.

Jewell.—The berries are large but often flattened and irregular. The plants are vigorous and healthy, and quite productive. This is a promising varie y.

Parry.—Berries large, regular and firm. Plants vigorous and very productive. It is certainly worthy of further trial.

James Vick—The berries of this variety are small and of inferior flavor. Not deserving of further trial.

Wonderful—This is undoubtedly identical with the Windsor Chief.

Manchester—The foliage rusts so badly as to render this variety worthless here.

Daisy—Much like the above in the James Vick and apparently no better.

Indiana—This variety gove rather indifferent results, and apparently possesses no remarkable qualities.

Mrs. Garfield—Two seasons' trial with this variety shows that it is lacking in vigor and productiveness.

Daniel Boone—This variety appeared to be quite promising last season, but this year the crop was light and berries small. The foliage, although healthy, is not abundant.

Cornelia—This variety sustains its reputation as one of the best late sorts. The berries are of good size and of fine appearance. The plants are healthy, but not quite vigorous enough to bear a large crop.

The old varieties that are most satisfactory here are Crescent Seedlings, Miner's Prolific, Kentucky and Windsor Chief, named in order of value.

Downing and Wilson are quite unsatisfactory, because of the rust. Mt. Vernon and Cumberland are unproductive.

Sharpless is somewhat unreliable, usually giving light crops.—W. R. LAZENBY, Director.

Cow Doctors.

It is strange that people still tolerate and employ the old fogy cow doctors who ignore scientific veterinary practice and cling to the superstitions of former ages. Whenever cattle are sick they must have their horns bored for the hollow horn, a most inhuman practice, or to make sure of it in a bad case, the tail is split open and salt and pepper put in, or the end of the poor creature's tongue is bit off or cut off to bleed it. If people who breed stock would read farm and stock papers and some veterinary book, they would see the folly of this class of illiterate men who ignore veterinary books and scientific veterinary practice.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Geronimo Reported Dead.

A Fort Bowie special says: Lieut. Gurehuse has just returned from Mexico with 32 men, having made 1,000 miles since May 19. He has in charge fifteen of Geronimo's squaws and children as prisoners. He reports that in the late fight Geronimo picked up his favorite child and rushed out of the camp; then he was surprised and had to run the gauntlet of 50 rifles, the best shots of the Chiracahuas and San Carlos tribes; he was shot twice, and dropped the boy and ran, covered with blood, and with his left arm shattered. His squaws say he was shot through the body; some of them say he is dead.

They Attacked the Wrong Man.

Arnold Mooney, a colored school teacher, attended a church festival near Jackson, Mich., Tuesday night. On his way home with two young ladies, he was set upon by a party of hoodlums. Mooney retreated, and one of the attacking party drew a knife. Mooney then fired his revolver into the crowd, killing Race Maxey and wounding Bill Anderson, and also a third. The coroner has returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Ohio Coal Miners.

The Ohio coal exchange has agreed to the 50 cent rate demanded by the miners of the Hocking Valley, and work will be resumed. The Columbus and Hocking coal and Iron company refused to accede to the demand, and will close the mines at New Straitsville.

News of the Week.

A BOURBON KICK.

A Suit to Test the Constitutionality of the Civil Service Law.

Suit has been commenced in the United States Circuit court of New York to test the constitutionality of the civil service law. On a petition, a quo warranto order was granted by Judge Wallance, returnable on the 25th inst., requiring Dorman B. Eaton, and other civil service commissioners, to show cause before the court why the defendants exercised unconstitutional powers. The petition sets forth in complaint the acts and duties of the commissioners under the civil service act, and urges that defendants under the color of an act, ars limiting the powers of, and divesting the President's duties and responsibilities vested in him by the constitution, limiting his power and choice of nominations to persons presented to him by defendants, and prohibiting said President from appointing any other citizen or person to office, and so compel the President to submit the qualifications and fitness of nominations of persons for public service to them instead of to the Senate of the United States after the nomination, as required by the constitution.

It is urged in the petition that the President cannot exercise his constitutional power to appoint in his discretion. Defendants, under color of the civil service act, supervise the conduct of officers of the government mentioned in sections 11th to 15th of the act; usurped and exercised powers and duties which cannot legally be delegated to nor invested in them by Congress of the United States. Complainant then asks for a writ compelling the commissioners to answer by what right they exercise or claim to exercise the right or power or do duties, acts, or things, set forth, and that a rule be made that this information be filed, and that defendants aforesaid show cause why aforesaid information should not be filed.

The Indiana Way of Swindling.

Investigation of the alleged township trustees' swindle, as perpetrated in Davies county, Ind., reveals what appears to be most astounding official corruption. There are three trustees involved—Charles H. Brown, of Washington township, John Grimsler, of Steel township, and John Clarke, of Barr township. It is said the trustees would issue long-time warrants on their townships, drawing 8 per cent. interest; these warrants or orders are then sent as a note, made payable at bank, and on their face show that they are executed by the township trustee to the holder in consideration of a certain amount of money paid the trustees for school supplies. A trustee finds no trouble in disposing of these warrants. It is said that the three trustees mentioned have practiced this, and scores of these warrants have been issued, put upon the market and gobbled up by money lenders. The township trustees are supposed to have gone to Canada. The full less is not yet known. Scores of capitalists in Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and the Middle States, it is claimed, are out of pocket. Seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of warrants are said to have been issued on Washington county, and on Barr township, $50,000.

The River Convention, at St. Paul.

Gov. Hubbard called the convention to order, and invited governors, senators, members of congress and army officers to take seats on the platform. Ex-Gov. Stannard Warner, of Missouri, Sen. Sabine, of Minnesota, and others came forward, until Congressman Adams, of Chicago, suggested that the gentlemen had come from their constituents, and preferred to remain with their delegates. Rev. Dr. Dana offered prayer for the success of the convention. After prayer, Gov. Hubbard stated the object of the convention to be the National reorganization of the vast commercial interests of the Northwest, the greatest producing section of this continent. He said the Northwestern states and territories had been neglected by Congress, and now they had come together to enforce its rights in such a way as they could not longer be ignored. On this point he enforced his argument by statistics. He protested that the convention had not been called with any base design against any section or to antagonize its interest; on the contrary, he said we would encourage every section to develop their water ways, but insisted that the Northwest should have the same consideration.

Lynch Law in Chattanooga.

Chas. Williams, a disreputable negro, shot and instantly killed a Chattanooga street car driver, named Polk Mitchell, Sunday afternoon. An hour before, Williams had been ejected from a car for entering it in a drunken condition, smoking in the presence of ladies, and when asked for his fare refused to deposit it. Williams swore he would have revenge and followed the car. While the driver was waiting on a switch, Williams walked up, shot the driver three times, and then shot twice at his body in the throes of death. A crowd of citizens pursued him and he was captured a mile from town and carried to jail. Mitchell was formerly assistant chief of police and was very popular.

At 12:15 a mob broke down the doors of the jail. Williams was taken from his cell and carried up stairs, where his hands and feet were securely tied, and a heavy rope was tied to his feet. The lynchers lifted him up and dropped him, and he strangled to death in three minutes.

The Wild Man Captured.

A message was received at Wilkesbarre, Pa., that a wild man had been discovered on Bald mountain. A party of men at once organized and on arriving at the mountain learned that there was a man apparently wild and naked prowling about the mountain. Jacob Knecht, a wood chopper, informed the party later that he had captured the man and had locked him up in a small outhouse. On going to the hut the man was found lying on a rude bench. He was apparently about 24 years old. On being questioned as to what he was doing in this lonely spot, he said that some guardian angel had sent him to the woods. Though half crazed he appeared to be rational at times, and said his name was Jacob Counsler and he was from Larkinsville, Dauphin county, Pa. The party brought him to Wilkesbarre and placed him in the city hospital. His arms, legs and body are cut, bruised and torn.

The Liquor Question in Iowa.

Arguments were heard in the District court at Dubuque on the application of defendants for the removal to the Federal courts of the petition for the temporary injunctions against the saloon keepers. Capt. Adams, attorney for the prohibitionists, opposed the application for removal, on the ground that it set out merely conclusions of law, not facts, which would oust the court from its injunction. Col. Lyon, one of the attorneys for the defendants, followed with an argument, in which he held that the petition did set out sufficient grounds for removal; he questioned the morality of the people of the state of Iowa in inviting foreigners to their state to build breweries, and then enacting laws to render that property worthless. The judge decided in favor of allowing the removal of the injunction cases to the Federal courts. This decision has been anxiously awaited by both sides, and is considered another victory for the personal liberty party.

A Massachusetts Man Murdered by Drunken Mexicans.

J. Shean, road master of the Mexican Central railroad, was murdered at Paso del Norte Thursday night, by a man named Davis. Shean, feeling ill, arose and visited a low saloon in the vicinity of his residence to procure some bitters. While in the saloon Davis and two drunken Mexicans entered. Davis insulted Shean, and drew a revolver, which Shean took away from him. Davis then plunged a dagger into Shean's stomach, inflicting a wound from which the latter died in great agony. The deceased was highly esteemed, and leaves a young wife and an aged mother in Massachusetts, to which place his body will be shipped. Davis was arrested and lodged in jail.

Gen. Sherman and the Grant Monument.

Gen. Sherman declines to accept the Presidency of the St. Louis Grant Monument association, to which he had been elected during his absence. He won't consent to have anything to do with soliciting subscriptions for the monument there. He says that he was consulted by the Grant family, and therefore that he is committed to the interest of the Grant monument in New York. Next he owes his services to the G. A. R. and the Army of the Tennessee if they decide to erect monuments.

Stole the Safe.

One of the boldest burglaries ever perpetrated in Massachusetts occurred Sunday night at the Ocean View house, Nantasket. The thieves forced an entrance into the building, carried the safe to the beach, and blew it open. They obtained $1,000 in cash and valuable jewelry. Some papers and $100 were found on the beach near where the safe was blown open. They entered the hotel at Standish, broke into the wine cellar, and helped themselves.

A Snow Storm.

A Deadwood dispatch says: The unpleasant weather for the past two weeks culminated in a snow storm Saturday. The outlook for grain is gloomy in the extreme.

DOWN IN GEORGIA.

The New Capitol—Gen. Lawton on the Results of the War.

The corner-stone of the new Georgia capitol was laid Wednesday, with imposing ceremonies. Gov. McDaniel, on behalf of the capitol commissioners, presented the building to the legislature. Gen. A. R. Lawton, of Savannah, made the oration of the day.

Gen. Lawton, referring to the lessons taught by the late war, said: "The result of the war between the states has been to show conclusively that it is not the intention of a great majority of the people of the country to permit any state to withdraw itself from the Union, and that they have physical power to prevent it; that much has been settled by the war, but no fundamental principle of government has been changed. As Georgians, we are also citizens of the United States, and claim to be now as loyal to that great government as any portion of the Union. Since we are no longer called on to surrender our self-respect nor to do violence to our most sacred sensibilities in making that claim, we are ready and willing to render service to defend her honor, to fight her battles, to give every man of every section his just due. In that sense we know no North, no South, no East, no West; but, thank heaven, the time is past when any right-thinking man of the North expects we shall not love our own families and neighbors better than the stranger, our own city better than another, our own state better than the other of the 38. Yes, my friends, they know, and respect us for it; that while we join in good faith in the tribute paid to the great soldier of the United States, recently borne to the tomb with such displays and demonstrations as Roman emperor never received, yet at our own homes, in the tenderer moments of our lives, all mourn the illustrious sons of the South who sleep in modest graves at Lexington, with a sorrow and pride which are all our own."

Cholera-Infected Raisins.

Considerable excitement has been caused among importers of groceries of San Francisco, by a statement tending to show the existence of a scheme to introduce cholera-infected raisins into the United States. It appears that one of the leading houses in the trade on the Pacific coast has advices from its agent in New York, stating that one of the largest buyers of imported raisins has just received a dispatch from Malaga, stating that the product this year is very large and of excellent quality, and that the presence of cholera in Spain will not act as an impediment in the way of shipment to the United States. This is alleged to have been accompanied by a letter of William Smith, health officer of the port of New York, to the firm of importers, in which he says that fruits gathered in infected districts, but packed and shipped from non-infected points, will not on that account subject a vessel to delay at quarantine. This refers directly to the import of raisins from Malaga and Denia. Referring to these statements prominent men in the fruit trade and experienced packers declare that there is great danger of the introduction of the cholera microbes in raisins from infected districts of Spain, as packed fruit easily absorbs microbes, and retains them for a great length of time.

A Grand Reunion—The Senator and General Make Eloquent Speeches.

At the re-union of the Sherman brigade at Lakeville, O., Wednesday, Gen. Sherman and Sen. Sherman were present. In the afternoon a crowd of not less than 6,000 or 7,000 listened to addresses from the guests. Sen. Sherman's speech was an eloquent and effective review of the causes, events and results of the war, and closed with an appeal to the patriotism and fidelity to the Union of the children of the heroes of the war. The effort was a brilliant one. At the conclusion of the senator's address, Gen. Sherman was introduced and gave the veterans of the brigade one of his characteristic speeches. He had been attending a family reunion at the senator's residence in Mansfield, and he told the boys that though he was aware that his brother possessed a spacious house, yet he had felt sure that if all the family were present he would have to get tents and make a camp somewhere, and he found it at Odell's Lake. To-day they were not merely Sherman's brigade, but they were all Shermans. His address was fatherly and affectionate in tone, and his touching allusion to his advancing years and rapidly approaching end profoundly affected all present.

The Walkup Case—Important Testimony.

A Kansas City paper publishes an interview with Dr. C. W. Scott, a specialist of that city, who relates that early last winter a gentleman introducing himself as Mr. Walkup, an alderman of Emporia, Kan., called upon him for advice, saying that he had suffered for some time from a chronic disease, and had been treating himself for it, using arsenic both in solution and pills. The visitor appeared somewhat under the influence of liquor, and after receiving some advice from the doctor took his leave, and the latter has not seen him since. He says, however, that he was visited Thursday by Mrs. Walkup's attorney, and recognized Mr. Walkup's photograph, among a dozen others. Mr. Walkup, during his call, was accompanied by a man whom the doctor did not know. This testimony will probably be used by the defense in the trial of Mrs. Walkup, who is charged with the murder of her husband.

Examination of Ferdinand Ward.

Ferdinand Ward resumed his testimony before Referee Cole, and told how William S. Warner made great profits by investing with the firm of Grant & Ward. For instance, to cite one case, on February 1, 1884, Mr. Warner deposited $50,000 with Grant & Ward. On March 10 he drew out $67,500, showing a profit in 40 days of $17,500 on that one investment. Two days later he reinvested the $50,000, and before the end of the month drew out $70,000. Thus in less than two months, on a capital of $50,000, Warner drew from the firm his original capital and a profit of $37,500 beside. So for two years Warner continued to invest money, draw profits and invest the same. Ward said that the firm kept no accounts with people with whom it dealt.

Signed the Scale.

The officials of the Amalgamated association have received intelligence that the Neidering House Stamping Co., of St. Louis, has signed the sheet mill scale. The Neidering House is one of the most extensive sheet mills in the West, and being the first to sign the scale since the conference in Pittsburg, it is considered of great importance, inasmuch as it will doubtless save the effect of swinging Western manufacturers into line. The executive officers of the Amalgamated association in the several districts are now secretly engaged in strengthening the organization. Within the past three weeks three lodges were organized in the Pittsburg district. Reports from other districts show a large increase of membership and new lodges organized since the scale convention at Wheeling.

Strikes in Pennsylvania.

The strike inaugurated in Pennsylvania by the river coal miners for an advance of a half cent per bushel in the mining rate is spreading rapidly, and it is estimated that nearly 4,000 men are now idle. The strikers are greatly encouraged by the success of the movement, and claim that by Monday next every mine in the Monongahela valley will be closed down, and 7,000 miners out for the increase. A prominent operator admitted that the men would gain their point, if the strike lasted five weeks. The Knights of Labor fight against the miners' union promises to result in the disintegration of the latter organization.

Dr. Tyng.

Dr. Tyng had been retired some years ago, with a pension of $5,000 a year. For two or three years his mind has been failing, and in May proceedings were taken by Dr. Tyng's oldest son, and his father was declared a lunatic. Dr. Tyng leaves five sons and one daughter. One of his sons lives in Illinois; the others are Rev. Stephen Tyng, jr., now in Paris; Morris A. Tyng and T. M. Tyng, lawers of New York, and Charles R. Tyng, a merchant of that city.

Mackin's Case.

An Ottawa, Ill., special says the supreme court overruled the motion for a continuance in the case of J. C. Mackin, convicted of perjury in the Chicago election fraud cases. It was urged that as Mackin was under a sentence in the United States court, a decision in advance of one pending in the United States supreme court would provoke a conflict of jurisdiction; this, and another point regarding Mackin's bondsmen were overruled. It is expected that Mackin's case on appeal will be heard next Wednesday.

The Onion Crop.

Reports to the *New England Homestead* indicate that the onion crop of the country will be below the average in all but favored sections, and prices promise to be more remunerative than for two years past. growers will hold the crop for from 60 cents to $1 per bushel. The crop of bottom sets is only two-thirds of the average, but of fine quality. Onion seed is a good crop, both in yield and quality.

NATIONAL WATERWAYS.

The Convention at St. Paul—The Demands of the Northwest in the Way of Appropriations.

Mr. Chase, of Omaha, stated that the resolutions had been perfected and would be reported as soon as they were engrossed. He thought they would be generally acceptable to the convention, although they asked liberal appropriations. Five million dollars were apparently lying idle in the United States treasury, and the great Northwest had paid a good part of it and wanted a share of its benefits in the way of improved waterways. He protested that no hostility was intended against the railroads.

Ignatius Donnelly then took the platform and said that the convention was an organized raid on the United States treasury. He said the farmers had been advised to diversify industries; he would advise them to raise hell. [Laughter and applause.] What we want is cheaper transportation by our waterways, and if we don't get it there will be a revolution in this country. The railroads have taken possession of the government of this country. Their emissaries are even present on the floor of this convention.

Sen. Eustace, of Louisiana, was invited to address the convention, and proceeded to disabuse the public mind of the idea that there was any antagonism on the part of the South against upper river improvements. Mr. Eustace said that to secure what is wanted there must be no diivsion, and there is none. "You will find the Southern representative ready and anxious to join with the North in securing from Congress such appropriations as may be needed to secure the betterment of our waterways. We must stand together from a consideration of self-interest, if from no other cause." (Applause.)

He added that what was asked by the convention should not be considered as a charity, but as a just demand, which must be granted. "Your voice must and will be heard, and I pledge myself to voice your sentiment in Congress."

Hon. W. H. Hath, of Missouri, was next invited to address the convention. He claimed that the Hennepin canal had no place in the House of Representatives on the river and harbor bill, and it was this that had killed that bill in the last Congress. His words proved that he was arrayed against the cause emphatically, and tended to elongate the countenances of the Illinois delegates. In conclusion, he said that he came here as a citizen of the Mississippi Valley, and not in the interest of any special interest; the people of the Mississippi Valley must receive what is due them by right; the people in the East have no idea of the greatness of the West; the West has been feeding the cow, while the Yankees have been milking her; he proposed to turn the cow around and let the West milk her a while. [Laughter and applause.]

Clarke Carroll, of Illinois, Mr. Murphy, of Iowa, and ex-Gov. Bross, of Illinois, all spoke in the advocacy of the Hennepin canal.

The resolutions demand that the Missisippi and Missouri rivers, with their tributaries, be improved to the fullest extent of its capacity. Congress is urged to improve the Mississippi river so that there will be six feet of water from the falls of St. Anthony to Cairo.

The enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan canal, and the extension of the same by the construction of a canal from the Illinois river at Hennepin to the Mississippi river at Rock Island, is demanded in the interest of cheap transportation and the now immense and growing commerce of the Northwest.

The improvement of various small rivers and streams in Wisconsin and Minnesota is also demanded. It was also resolved, that in the opinion of this convention an annual appropriation of $25,000,000 for the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the United States and the construction of artificial waterways would not be extravagant, and be expended so as to enrich the country far beyond the amount so appropriated. The resolutions were adopted amid great applause.

John T. Altgeit, of Illinois, offered a resolution expressing the conviction that it was rank injustice for the section of the country east of the Alleghenies to receive the benefit of two-thirds of the river and harbor appropriations, when the region west of the Alleghenies possesses more than half of the shipping of the country, and contributes more than three fourths of the money expended by the federal government for public improvements.

Judge Fryer, of New York, addressed the convention on the Florida ship canal, which, he said, was the route by which products should go to foreign markets, saving 1,600 miles, and avoiding the danger of the gulf stream. The amount of losses by lack of this canal in ten years had been $75,000,000, with $5,000,000 extra insurance added. The Mississippi valley is the greatest feeder to the ship canal that is now constructed, or that it is possible to construct, on the globe.

After certain arguments made in favor of the upper rivers had been ordered made a a part of the proceedings in the official report, the convention adjourned *sine die.*

RIPE OLD AGE.

Death of Ex-Sen. Gwin, of California, and Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York.

Ex-Sen. Gwin, of California, died at the New York hotel, Thursday. Sen Call, of California, was with him at the time of his death. [Gwin was born in Sumner county, Tenn., in 1805. He was a graduate of Kentucky university, studied medicine, and settled at Vicksburg; appointed United States marshal for Mississippi in 1833; member of Congress from 1841 to 1843; commissioner of public buildings to superintend the erection of the New Orleans customhouse in 1847; removed to California in 1848; was a member of the constitutional convention, 1849; elected senator in 1850 and re-elected in 1856. Early in 1861 he was arrested for disloyalty, but was released in 1863. In 1865 he was at the head of an emigration scheme for the settlement of secessionists in Sonora, under the auspices of Maximilian.]

Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, sr., died at his residence, Irvington, N. Y., at midnight Thursday night.

[Dr. Tyng was born in Newburyport, Mass., March 1, 1800. After graduating, he first engaged in mercantile pursuits, but soon studied theology; was ordained deacon in 1821, and took charge of St. George's church, Georgetown, D. C.; in 1823 he removed to Queen Anne Parish, Md.; in 1829 he became rector of St. Paul's, Philadelphia; removed to New York in 1845, and became rector of St. George's church. He was always an earnest advocate of the temperance and other social movements of the day, and was for a long time editor of the *Protestant Churchman.* His various publications have had a wide circulation.]

Wide Distribution of Pleuro-Pneumonia.

The Illinois live stock commission have prepared and transmitted to the governor a communication stating that they have received reliable information to the effect that the contagious disease known as pleuro-pneumonia among cattle now exists and is epidemic in the counties of New York, Richmond, Kings and Queens, in New York; the counties of Bergen, Passaic, Essex, Union, Hunterdon, Camden, Burlington, Hudson and Middlesex, in New Jersey; the counties of Baltimore and Prince Georges, in Maryland; the county of Fairfax, in Virginia; the county of Montgomery, in Ohio; the county of Madison, in Tennessee, and the District of Columbia. They recommend that he issue a proclamation scheduling such infected localities, absolutely prohibiting the importation of cattle from such infected localities into the state of Illinois.

The New York Elevated Roads Are Running Cars by Electricity.

The managers of the New York elevated roads are making preparations to run their cars by electricity. Last night the Daft electric motor was given a trial trip, which was in every respect satisfactory. The motor was attached to a regular 90th street car, with about 30 people on board. At 10:30 the signal was given by Mr. Daft, and without the least jarring the train started out from the 14th street station; up the steep grades it ran, smoothly and without noise, the intermittent flashes of electric light and sparks from the still rustr rail, marking its progress. Thirty-fourth street was reached at 23 minutes to 11; from this on to the Fiftieth street station, the motor sped without stop, reaching the end of the "Electric road" at 10:42. On the return trip the run from end to end was made in seven minutes. The schedule time of the road, including stops, is nine minutes. Hundreds of people along the route cheered and waved as the silent train sped by.

An Ohio Snake Story.

The following snake story is related by a Zanesville gentleman of unquestioned veracity: While harvesting a few days ago a party of men on the farm of J. R. Andry, in Madison township, Perry county, a few miles from here, killed an unusually large blacksnake, which had the tail of another snake sticking out of its mouth. Upon pulling them apart the snake which the blacksnake had swallowed was found to be three and a half feet long. A large knot in the body of the inner snake attracted their attention, and upon examination the men were wonder-stricken to find that the smaller snake had also been cannibalising, a full sized ground squirrel being found in its stomach.

WAR IN THE MINES.

Chinese Driven Out by White Men—A Number Killed and Wounded, and Their Houses Burned Down.

A special from Rock Springs, Wy., says: At the largest coal mines in the entire Union Pacific system, at Rock Springs, 250 miles west of Cheyenne, the company recently imported a large number of Chinese to take the places of white men. Wednesday night, the entire force of white men, about 150 strong, organized, and armed with shot guns, marched to China town. After firing a volley into the air, they reloaded and ordered the Chinamen to leave. The order was obeyed at once, the Chinamen fleeing to the hills like a drove of sheep, closely pursued by the miners, who fired several volleys at the fugitives with fatal effect. The Chinese quarters were then set on fire, and 89 houses owned by the company destroyed, with the contents. The miners next visited the various mines in the camp, unearthed all Chinese at work therein, and bade them flee for their lives. Of 400 Chinamen here this morning, not one remain. All are in the adjacent hills, heading for Green river, 14 miles west. Seven were killed outright by the shots fired by the miners, and many were wounded. It is said several Chinamen, feeble and helpless from disease, perished in the burning houses. Sheriff Emig arrived from Green river on a special train with a posse, but too late to prevent the mob from carrying out its plan. The miners quietly dispersed after making sure of the departure of the Celestials. All is now quiet.

Fifteen or Twenty Killed in the Rock Springs Affair—Over 500 in the Mountains, Without Food.

Later news from Rock Springs indicates a worse state of affairs than first reported. All Chinamen, over 500 in number, have been driven out of town. Fifteen dead Chinamen have thus far been discovered, and as many more dead bodies are probably in the ruins. Fifty houses belonging to the railroad company and 50 more owned by the Chinamen were burned. The Chinamen are yet in the hills west of town without food, afraid to go to Green River, a city distant about ten miles. Gov. Warren is now at Rock Springs with General Superintendent Dickson

was immediately driven to the White House, where, after breakfasting, he settled down at once to work.

The Alaska Expedition.

Lieut. Geo. M. Stoney, commanding the Alaska exploring expedition, reports to the navy department from St. Michaels, Alaska, June 30, that after leaving Ounalaska, June 9, he visited the new volcano on Bogoslov Island and found the only changes since last year's visit to be a less discharge of smoke and steam, and a small point making off from the northwest end of the new volcano. The party reached St. Michaels on June 26, after encountering heavy ice to the westward of St. Lawrence island. At St. Michael's Lieut. Stoney secured nearly all the fur clothing required, also eighteen good dogs and three good teams. The dogs cost about $1 50 each in exchange for fur goods. An interpreter was also engaged and shipped as an ordinary seaman. Lieut. Stoney intended taking with him two natives as drivers and the wife of one of them. He expected to leave at once for St. Lawrence bay and thence to proceed to Hotham inlet. All on board the schooner Viking were well and showed great interest in the work ahead of them.

Notes.

Hail fell in Pennsylvania to the depth of two inches, seriously damaging crops and fruit.

The Indian Bureau has been informed by Gen. Crook that the hostile paches are now in Mexico, about 25 miles south of the boundary line, and are still moving southward.

Gen. Newton, chief of engineers U. S. A., estimates that an appropriation of about $18,000,000 or $20,000,000 will be required to continue the work of river and harbor improvements during the next fiscal year.

The second comptroller of the treasury has allowed the claim of Mrs. Catherine Lewis for rent and damages to property near Annapolis, Md., used and occupied by troops under Gen. Butler during the civil war.

Adjutant General Drum is authority for the statement that there is no foundation whatever for the published report that antagonism exists between Sec. Endicott and Lieut. Gen. Sheridan.

Reports received at the war department from Indian territory indicate that the terms of the Fyes dent's proclamation, with regard to the removal of cattle, is being fully complied with, that cattlemen are moving the cattle as rapidly as possible.

The acting secretary of the treasury has rescinded the order recently prepared by the register in regard to the transfer of United States bonds, which required as a condition precedent to the issue to any trustee, executor, administrator, guardian, etc., that the beneficiary shall be named in the application and in the assignment of the bonds.

The examination of candidates for appointment as cadets in the revenue-marine service has been concluded. A number of the papers are now under examination. There are only seven vacancies to be filled it was decided to appoint seven who attained the highest averages in examination. Among the successful candidates is Stanley M. Landrey, of Indiana.

The Democratic State Central committee of Ohio has sent an invitation to Gen. Rosecrans, register of the treasury, to speak in that state during the pending campaign. The general replied that the present duties of his office were such as to render it impossible for him to give a positive answer at present, but as soon as practicable he will advise the committee whether or not he can take part in the canvass.

First Comptroller Durham has stopped a requisition to pay the salary of J. A. J. Cresswell, government counsel before the court of commissioners of Alabama claims, for the month of August, until it is settled that there is any balance due him. The first comptroller takes the ground that Mr. Cresswell is not entitled to a fixed salary of $3,000 per annum, but that that sum is named as the limit of the fees to be allowed him for the trial of cases. He says that the law organizing the court provided that the government counsel should receive a reasonable compensation for each case tried, and that subsequent laws limited such compensation to $8,000 per annum. The court, however, he says, neglected to fix the amount of a reasonable compensation, and has illegally treated that item as a fixed salary.

At the last session of Congress a provision was made for the payment by the United States of one-half of the cost of taking a census in such states and territories as might take a decennial census, upon the condition that the returns be filed with the secretary of the interior on or before Sept. 1. The returns from New Mexico have just been received and are as follows: Population in 1885, 131,985; do. in 1880, 119,562; farms in 1885, 10,291; do. in 1880, 5,053; manufacturing establishments in 1885, 239; in 1880, 144. Returns from eight counties in Florida have also been received, and the complete returns are expected shortly. Up to date the department has received returns from Dakota, Nebraska, New Mexico and Florida. It is known that several other states and territories have made censuses, but those whose returns failed to reach the department before 4 o'clock Tuesday will not be entitled to receive the rebate provided by the appropriation bill.

More Mystery in the Maxwell Case.

In the county jail at Chicago, Ill., there is a good-looking young man of about 35, with dark hair and whiskers, slightly tinged with grey, and he has registered at the jail altogether, in manner and appearance, a gentleman. On July 24 last he was held to the criminal court in $1,500 for a burglary of sacramental plate. He gave his name as Joseph Crepanier. It is reported that the prisoner's real name is Leonard Roach, and that he is wanted in St. Louis as one of the parties in the Snell-Preller murder case. Roach claims that he was at school with Walter Maxwell in 1869-70. He met Maxwell in company with Preller at the Southern hotel, St. Louis, on Sunday afternoon, April 12; talked over old times, and knew him thoroughly. After the excitement caused by the murder he traveled to St. Louis, to present himself at Carondelon college, and also at the president of St. Bartholomew hospital, confirming his views. He has no doubt that Maxwell is really the Maxwell he was at school with. Young Roach claims to be the eldest son of Mr. George Roach, who has been two or three times mayor of Hamilton, Ont.

Disastrous Floods in Kansas.

There was a heavy storm of rain at Parsons, Kan., Sunday night, which lasted till late Monday afternoon. The streets of the city were flooded with water, which rushed through them with fearful velocity, covering sidewalks and flooding cellars. The creeks in the section are all out of their banks again, for the third time this season. Farms living on lowlands are again subjected to great damage and loss. Many people were forced to vacate their houses. Some stock have been drowned, but no human lives lost. The crops on bottom lands are a total loss. The Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf railroad has twenty washouts just east of town, and no train from Kansas City has come in over that road since Sunday night.

A Free Trade Meeting.

R. R. Bowker, secretary of the American Free Trade league, has addressed a letter to the secretary of the Iroquois club, of Chicago, accepting an invitation by the club extended to the league, to hold its next annual conference in that city. Mr. Bowker names November 18 and 19 as the dates for holding the convention, and asks the Iroquois club to act as a local committee of arrangement, to act in concert with representatives of all political parties believing in the doctrines of free trade. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and other prominent free trade advocates have promised to attend the conference.

A Determined Man.

A two years' search by a wronged husband resulted in the arrest by Boston officers of William E. Lakeman and Mrs. Olivia Bell. Two years ago they disappeared simultaneously from Lubec, Me, the former leaving behind a wife and children and the latter a husband and two children. Ever since the husband has hunted them from place to place, his journeyings carrying him to many parts of the United States and Cuba. During the search he has spent all his money, but he considers the result worth the cost. When Lakeman was arrested he was wearing a watch and chain which belonged to Bell, but had been carried off by his wife.

A Black Eye for the W. U.

The Western Union Telegraph company applied to the court last week for an injunction to prevent the Arkansas Telegraph company from building a telegraph line along the right of way of the Little Rock, Mississippi River & Texas railroad, between Pine Bluff and Little Rock, claiming exclusive contract with the railroad company. The injunction has just been denied because at the last session of the Arkansas legislature a telegraph law was passed granting telegraph companies the right of way on all the railroads in the state.

Shipping Iron to England.

The Elk Rapids, Mich., iron company have received an order for 400 tons of charcoal iron, to be shipped to England, probably the first iron of western manufacturing ever shipped from this country.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

A LONDON SENSATION.

Mrs. Jarrett was taken into custody on the 2d, on a charge of abducting the Armstrong girl, who was the "Lily" of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* revelations. Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, surrendered Mrs. Jarrett to the authorities, after having several conferences with them during the past few days. The police finally threatened to have a warrant issued for Gen. Booth, on a charge of obstructing the law by concealing Mrs. Jarrett. This frightened him, and he immediately produced the woman. Mrs. Jarrett walked to the police station with a sister of the Salvation Army, and in accordance with an arrangement made with the superintendent of police, an officer was in waiting at the door of the station house and took her into custody. Mrs. Jarrett demurely proceeded to the cells and was locked up.

Later in the day Mrs. Jarrett was taken to the Bow street police court, where she was charged with having indecently assaulted the Armstrong girl, with administering a noxious drug to her, and with feloniously detaining her; also with conspiring with Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and others to commit these offenses. Mr. Newell, the solicitor for the treasury, appeared for the prosecution. He declared that Mrs. Jarrett had obtained the girl by pleading that she required her to assist in doing the housework of her home, and that she was a woman of respectability. The prisoner was then remanded till Monday, bail being refused. Summons's have been granted for complicity in the case against Mr. Stead, Gen. Booth and others.

A RIOT IN GALWAY.

During a torchlight procession at Galway, in honor of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, a number of the processionists attacked a detachment of Yorkshire soldiers on duty there. The noise of the disturbance attracted the attention of the latter's comrades, and they issued from the barracks in force and joined in the melee. For four hours the fight waged fiercely, clubs and stones being freely used by both sides. A large number of windows were smashed, and many persons injured. Finally the police, who had in the meantime been reinforced with the aid of the military not engaged in the riot, quelled the disturbance.

BIG STRIKE IN ENGLAND.

Five thousand workmen employed in Sir Wm. George Armstrong's machine and gun works at Elswick, near Newcastle, struck work because their employer refused to dismiss two managers who had made themselves obnoxious to the employes.

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For three days past a heavy run has been continuously kept up on the Bank of Ireland, Tipperary, and it now amounts to almost a panic. The Irish Tory papers are now filled with bitter and vindictive articles concerning the affair, and they intimate that the entire run was engineered in revenge for the Hibernians' refusal to make advances to the Munster bank during its recent troubles.

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Mrs. Jarrett sat in the prisoner's dock. Mr. Stead and Bramwell Booth had seats in front of the dock. Mr. Poland, the solicitor for the treasury, opened the case for the Crown with a long speech, in which he gave a description of how the girl was obtained from her mother; the outrages to which she had been subjected after she was installed in Mdme. Maurey's establishment, and the ill treatment she received from the time she left her mother until she was recovered and taken home.

Mrs. Armstrong, during Mr. Poland's statement, sat with a calm demeanor, her eyes closed, and her head nodding, closely resembling Charles Dickens's "Sally Brass," in the "Old Curiosity Shop." Mr. Stead appeared unconcerned, smiling occasionally, and at times denying Mr. Poland's allegations. At the conclusion of the address to the court Mr. Poland demanded the committal of all the defendants for trial.

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Eliza Armstrong further testified that at the medical examination, immediately after she was decoyed from home, the physician tested her innocence, despite her screams, and that afterward she was dispatched to France to prevent the police from getting possession of the girl. Mrs. Jarrett testified that several letters home, but the members of the Salvation Army who had charge of her suppressed them. This ended the girl's testimony for the day. The defendants indicated that they would contest the accuracy of many of the girl's statements. The court then adjourned until to-morrow.

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Germany and Spain.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

The Spanish ironclad Aragon has landed troops on the Pelew islands, and the Spanish admiral has been ordered to likewise occupy Yap, Babeltnaap, Ponapi and other islands of the Caroline group. The German officials in those waters have been instructed not to interfere with the carrying out of the Spanish admiral's orders.

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NOTHING SERIOUS WILL HAPPEN.

Count Benomar, the Spanish ambassador at Berlin, telegraphs that Count Von Hatzfeldt, the German foreign minister, declares that the German gunboat was forbidden to hoist the German flag where the Spanish flag floated, and hopes that the incident will not interfere with the negotiations or cordialty between the two nations, as Germany would have prevented any occupation of the Carolines if it had been possible to communicate with the German cruisers after the receipt of the Spanish note claiming the islands.

Count Benomar has expressed to the government Spain's regret at the insult offered to Germany by the populace of Madrid, and has promised, on behalf of his government, that the leaders of the mob will be punished, and that Spain will do her utmost to prevent a repetition of the insult. This statement is regarded as terminating the incident. Rumors that have reached Berlin from Paris to the effect that Spain has sent an ultimatum to Germany are not believed.

The statement that Spain had refused to submit the question of ownership of the Caroline islands to arbitration is not confirmed, nor is it believed, for the reason that such refusal would probably result in decisive action by Germany for the retention of the islands. War is regarded as entirely out of the question. The worst that can happen in case Spain refuses to apologize is a suspension of diplomatic relations.

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The *National Zeitung* thinks that the diplomatic relations between Germany and Spain will be broken off unless Spain affords satisfaction for the Madrid affair. The *Taglblatt* says that if King Alfonso retains his sovereignty Spain will certainly make reparation, and in the event of his being deposed, Germany can easily take possession of valuables pledged, and thus compel Spain to render satisfaction. The *Tagblatt* is of the opinion that the excesses of the populace of Madrid were directed more against the Spanish monarchy than against Germany. The *Boursen Courier* declares that the resignation of the Spanish cabinet is absolutely necessary to atone for insults offered to Germany. All the papers are confident of the ultimate success of Prince Bismarck.

Spain.

WAR FEVER IN MADRID.

A sensation was caused in Madrid Saturday, on the receipt of important news from the Caroline Islands. The Spanish warships reached Yap, one of the islands, on the 22d ult., and prepared to occupy it in the name of Spain. The Spanish officers were dilatory in landing troops, and on the 24th of the same month a German gunboat arrived. Although it was 7 o'clock in the evening, the German commander instantly landed a body of marines and sailors, and hoisted the German flag over the island. The Spanish officials made an energetic protest against the action of the German commander, and on the latter's refusal to recede from the position taken, telegraphed to Madrid for instructions. A conflict between the Germans and Spaniards at Yap is feared. On the receipt of the above news the ministers were immediately summoned to a cabinet council, and King Alfonso was advised of the strained situation. His majesty telegraphed that he will arrive in Madrid to-morrow.

The excitement over the occupation of Yap is intense, and the populace wild with rage. A large crowd gathered before the Foreign office, and, headed by Chelsey, attacked the building, tore down the coat of arms, and dragged it through the streets to the Puerta Del Sol, where they burned it in front of the minister of the interior, amid yells of "Down with Germany!" After venting their spleen there, the mob proceeded to the French embassy and cheered frantically. The crowd had by this time grown to considerable proportions, and fears being entertained of a serious riot, troops were ordered out to clear the streets. The crowd slowly retired before the military, but a riot is feared at any moment. The situation is very grave. The council of ministers has adopted a proposition to court-martial the governor of Yap, and the commanders of the two Spanish war ships which arrived there on the 24th ult., for neglect of duty, the latter, in not immediately garrisoning the island with Spanish soldiers on their arrival, and the former in not hoisting the Spanish flag and proclaiming the suzerainty of Spain over the island.

1 P. M.—Count Solms Sonnewalde, the German ambassador, has returned to the legation in Madrid. He was escorted by a strong military guard. King Alfonso has also returned to the city, and is now presiding at a cabinet council. Everything is now orderly throughout the city, although the most intense excitement prevails.

An important meeting of leading Liberals was held Saturday. After discussing the Caroline question it was resolved that the occupation of the Islands of Yap by a German gunboat should be considered equivalent to a declaration of war; that if a crisis in the government should occur and the Liberals be called into power, they would withdraw Count de Benomor, the Spanish ambassador at Berlin, and hand the German ambassador at Madrid his passport. The resolutions also declare that the Liberals would order the Spanish authorities at the Philippines to recover the territory in the Caroline islands, taken possession of by Germany, and to use force if necessary to regain it.

The adoption of the above resolutions has created a great sensation. The government has dismissed from the service the commanders of the two Spanish men-of-war stationed at Yap.

The report that a German squadron had sailed for the Caroline islands is confirmed.

Six leaders of the mob were arrested before the crowd retired.

The London *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says: "Spain has finally and decidedly declined to submit the Carolines affair to arbitration. Spain argues that the question of Spanish jurisdiction over the islands has been a fact too well known to admit of discussion. German government officials still scout the idea of a war over the dispute."

WANT TO FIGHT.

About 5,000 attended a meeting at the Spanish casino in Havana, which had been called to take action in connection with the seizure of the Carolines by Germany. Enthusiastic speeches were made, pledging the lives and property of the citizens of Cuba in support of the Spanish government in case of war. A merchant, in the name of the merchants of Havana, offered $500,000 toward purchasing men-of-war. A resolution was adopted urging traders to suspend relations with Germany while negotiations are pending.

A Paris dispatch says: A party is forming in favor of placing the four-year-old Princess of Asturias on the throne of Spain, with Gen. Salamanca as regent. The general is the most popular man in Spain.

At a meeting of the council, in Madrid, King Alfonso declared that he had confidence in the present ministry. He said he was convinced that Emperor William would meet him half-way in an honorable compromise. A special posse of police guards the German embassy.

A telegram from Madrid states that Gen. Lopez Dominguez has submitted to the pressure brought to bear on him and has accepted the premiership.

Though the report that Gen. Lopez Dominguez has succeeded to the head of the Spanish government is not verified, it is generally believed that he will be appointed premier. He is the only general who is able to suppress the present popular agitation, or, if out of office, could counteract King Alfonzo's desire for peace with Germany. He is a very able officer, and has great influence with the army in either direction.

France.

CLAIMS PROTECTION.

M. Zelikovitch, who is the author of the statement that Oliver Pain was murdered at the order of British officials in the Soudan, announces that he has claimed Russian protection. He declares that he has taken this step to protect himself from assaults by Englishmen.

Italy.

ROUGH ON JOURNALISTS.

The Rome *Diritto* declares that other departments of the government besides the war department have been censured for employing journalists in official capacities, and states that legislation will probably be adopted, prohibiting all officials employed by the Italian government in the public service from acting as journalists in any way.

Isthmus of Panama.

THE BURNING OF ASPINWALL.

Pedro Prestan, courtmartialed for burning Aspinwall, or Colon, March 31, was found guilty and hanged in Panama August 18. The execution was witnessed by an immense crowd, of all nationalities. Prestan protested his innocence to the last.

Canada.

HOG CHOLERA.

Prof. Grensides, of the veterinary department of the Ontario college of agriculture, has been in Essex county for several days investigating the hog cholera. He pronounces it genuine cholera. About 75 per cent. of the hogs affected die. Great loss has accrued to the farmers of South Essex, as already over 1,000 have died or been killed. The disease is very virulent, and appears to be spreading between Amherstburg and Kingsville. The only known preventive is to feed carbolic acid.

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

A St. John's dispatch says: A correspondent who visited the wrecked steamer Hanoverian, reports the followin When the steamer was off Cape Mutton on the morning of Wednesday, the captain saw the Button buoys, he thought, around Cape Race, and took Cape Mutton for Cape Ballard. Cape Mutton was passed at 6 o'clock. The captain saw a fishing boat, but felt certain of his position, and anticipating no danger, did not question the crew of his boat as to his position. The weather was very foggy and the wind southeast. The passenger's believed that the ship's course should now be altered, and intimated the same to the third officer. Soundings were taken at 9:30 which showed eighteen fathoms. Almost immediately the deck passengers saw through the fog the white houses on Portugal Cove, and called the officer's attention. The engines were quickly reversed, but too late, and the vessel struck heavily, being stranded 400 yards from shore. Boats were quickly lowered, and all necessary arrangements made to leave the ship. The passengers behaved well during the coolness. All were safely landed together with the mail. The Portugal Cove people saw the Hanoverian a mile off before she struck. Two prominent planters with crews launched skiffs and went to the assistance of the steamer, but the captain repulsed them, called them savages and other coarse names. The fashionable fishermen of Portugal Cove sheltered all the passengers. Only a portion of the luggage was saved, the remainder with the general cargo, embracing grain, pork, meats, and butter, being submerged. The saloon tables are under water, and the ship totally wrecked. Capt. Thompson and the first officer remained on the ship all night, awaiting the arrival of a steamer from St. Johns. The cause of the loss of the Hanoverian is inexplicable, except through the action of the strong currents setting northwesterly. The warship Tenedos has the passengers on board, and is lying in Trepassey Bay.

RIEL'S CASE.

Maj. Mallet, an influential French Canadian, now in the United States, sends a communication to Riel's sympathizers in Quebec, in which he gives the substance of an interview with Sec. Bayard respecting Riel's case, as follows: The American government will not take the initiative in researches to be made to establish Riel's title to American citizenship, or his rights in that quality; up to the present the American government has not given any attention to the question, beyond inquiring of the War department as to the truth of the statement that Riel was made a prisoner on American soil, this inquiry having been made on demand of a citizen of the city of New York, who asked for information on the subject.

DEFENDING RIEL.

Riel was not produced by the crown Friday, for some reason, but the argument in the appeal was resumed and the original record was produced. Mr. Lemieux spoke, urging that upon the evidence taken before the court at Regina the jury should have returned a verdict of insanity, and the fact that it recommended him to the clemency of the court was evidence that they believed the prisoner insane, partially so. Counsel claimed that Riel's disease was moglomania, and also claimed that the information should have been laid before a stipendiary magistrate and justice of the peace. Mr. Fitzpatrick dealt with the case from a broad standpoint, claiming that as under the magna charta, trial by jury of twelve should prevail, and is law in the territories; it is not clear that British law should obtain; he dealt with the subject of insanity and insane delusions; he said it was possible that a man may be subject to insane delusions which may not be always apparent.

The Cholera.

Returns from all the infected districts of Spain show that on Saturday there were reported 2,147 new cases of cholera, and 779 deaths.

There were 2,131 new cases of cholera and 619 deaths from the disease reported throughout Spain Sunday.

Notes.

The Rhone valley has been swept by a terrible cyclone, which uprooted many trees and destroyed a large number of houses.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband of Princess Beatrice, has, by the Queen's order, been appointed a commandant in the British navy.

A grand fete was given at Stockholm in honor of the Prince of Wales. A portion of the day was devoted to swan shooting, and in the evening the prince witnessed a gala theatrical performance.

Hog Cholera in Chicago.

During the past week the health inspector condemned 170 cholera-stricken hogs to the tanks. Sunday, in a slaughter house at the yards, he condemned 29 that had been killed and dressed, and were all ready for the market. The hogs were the property of various scalpers who do business in the yards. The heaviest weighed nearly 200 pounds, and the smallest only 30 pounds. The puffed and discolored flesh, inside and out, and the sickening smell which attached to the carcasses made the discovery easy matter. Cholera has never been so prevalent among hogs at the Chicago stock yards as it has been this season, and scalpers, it is alleged, instead of endeavoring to stamp out the disease by refusing to purchase, deliberately buy the stock, in the hope that they can evade the calth inspectors in their regular rounds.

The Result of Reading Sensational Stories.

Oscar Parry, aged 11 years, son of William H. Parry, a well-known insurance man of Philadelphia, committed suicide in his room while the family were at breakfast. The boy fired a pistol ball through both temples, and was dead when his father found him, a moment after the shot was fired. In one hand the boy grasped a copy of the Hartford *Times* containing a story entitled, "Dying on the Point of Honor; or, Strange Story of a Southern Duel." It is supposed his mind became so inflamed by the details of the story that to follow the example of one of the duelists seemed to be the proper thing.

Queer Proceedings.

A Council Bluffs dispatch says: On April 14, 1885, Mrs. Symes Avery died at Taunton, Somerset, England, leaving her estate, valued at over $20,000, to her two children, Ida H. and David Symes, aged 14 and 10 years. Charles Avery, the stepfather of the children, abducted them and brought them to this city, where he has been living ever since. On the 14-year old girl coming of age, Ed. H. Hodges, of Somerset, England, the legal guardian of the children, arrived here to-day, took possession of them and left for England. Avery has disappeared.

Leaves a Widow, Seven Children, and $2,000,000.

W. A. Shipman, of Hoboken, is dead. He was born 58 years ago, in Bordentown, N. J. In 1847 he connected himself with Commodore Stevens and the Land Improvement company, and soon became its president. He has been a life-long Democrat and a prominent figure in Jersey politics. He was one of the Democratic electors that voted for Mr. Tilden in 1876. When Commodore Stevens died, his will appointed Mr. Shipman one of the executors of his enormous estate. Mr. Shipman leaves a widow and seven children and $2,000,000.

Died in a Dentist's Chair.

Mrs. David Brown died in a dentist's chair at N. J. Perry's office, Petoskey, Mich., from the effects of chloral. Perry gave her a dose of fifteen grains and pulled eleven teeth. When she had apparently almost recovered from the effects of the operation and drug she suddenly lay back with a gasp and groan and almost instantly expired. It is supposed that the fatal result was caused by heart disease, though her husband refuses to allow a post mortem. The deceased was 27 years old, and apparently healthy.

Georgia Ku-Klux.

The Ku-Klux in North Georgia, which created such a sensation at Dalton last week, have not ended their vigilance. They seem determined to rid the country of bad characters by their own methods. Sunday night a body of armed men broke into the house of a negro named Perry, who lives near Dalton, and severely beat him, because he had circulated slanders about a young lady, and compelled him to leave the country. They also gave notice to three prodigate characters to at once leave the country. The neighborhood is again in an uproar over the bold act.

A Fatal Disease in West Virginia.

There is agreat deal of excitement on Sycamore Creek, Clay county, W. Va., over a malignant form of disease which cannot be explained by the local physicians. Every hour brings news of another death. The malady is thought to be flux, but it is a more fatal disorder, with symptoms similar to cholera. In the family of Esquire Sizemore, four persons died within a few hours. Others of the family are sick with the disease. It is mostly confined to children, who are attacked with sickness and die in a very short time, being paralyzed with pain. The air and water are pure.

The Administration on Silver.

Sec. Manning met a small party of bankers in the New York treasury building. The bankers gathered assurance from the interview with Sec. Manning that the administration was a unit in the desire to abolish the silver coinage law at the next session of congress.

GREAT YACHT RACE.

Intense Interest in the Result—The Programme—England vs. America.

The bay at Sandy Hook, N. J., was dotted to-day with yachts of every size and shape, and each one is crowded with people, to witness the race for the American cup between the British Genesta and the American yacht Puritan.

The programme of the committee governing the international race for the American cup is as follows: The first race will be twenty statute miles to windward or to leeward and return from the Scotland light ship, if it is possible to make a cruise from that point.

The second race will be over the club course, about 38 statute miles. In this race the contesting yachts in starting will cross an imaginary line from the judge's steamer, anchored about a quarter of a mile below buoy No. 18, opposite Owl's Head, and a mark-boat anchored in-shore from the steamer; thence (keeping outside of Fort Lafayette) to and around buoy No. 10, passing to the west and south of it; thence to buoy 6, passing south of it, and north of buoy No. 5 off the point of Sandy Hook, etc. All yachts must pass to the eastward of west bank buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, and to the westward of red buoys Nos. 10½, 12, 14 and 16, both going and returning.

The third race will be over a triangular course, 40 statute miles, starting from the Scotland light ship. Contesting boats will cross the line at starting and finish in the same manner as in the first race.

The betting, which last night changed somewhat in favor of the Genesta, shifted again this morning to 65 and 70 to 100 in favor of the Puritan.

The measurer of the New York yacht club gives the following as measurement for calculation of sailing length of the Genesta: From top masthead to deck, 97 2-10 feet; from end of boom to tip of bowsprit, 140 5-10 feet; gaff, 47 feet, water line, 81 6-10 feet. The Puritan's measurement—from top masthead to deck, 102 1-10 feet; from end of boom to top of bowsprit, 144 6-10 feet; gaff, 47 feet: water line, 82 1-10 feet. This gives the Genesta 32 seconds time allowance.

1:45 P. M.—